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The Week

FRANCE, Italy and Germany were the chief subjects of concern in European affairs last week. While the League struggled frantically with the problem of Italian aggression against Ethiopia and France came closer to the brink of a financial crisis, the chancelleries of Europe studied Hitler's speech on German foreign policy and came to the conclusion that it was on the whole pacific in character, if he meant what he said—a highly important "if." In regard to the Italian-Ethiopian conflict, the League won a technical victory which has little real significance. After making a truculent speech in which he declared that Italy never turns back, Mussolini consented to accept the terms of his own treaty with Ethiopia of 1928, which provides for arbitration of all disputes. Italy and Ethiopia will seek to come to an agreement by July 25; if they have not then done so, the League will offer its assistance during the next thirty days; and if the dispute is still unsettled, the League Council will meet again to consider the matter, on August 26. Military operations in Ethiopia are impossible during the summer because of the rainy season, which ends in September. Mussolini has not promised to suspend troop movements in the meantime. It will thus be seen that he has made no important concession to the League or to the principles of arbitration.

THE Supreme Court decision in the Schechter case, declaring the N.I.R.A. unconstitutional, is a shattering blow to President Roosevelt's plans. Until Monday, he had intended to use his personal prestige, greatly heightened when the Senate sustained his veto of the bonus bill, to jam through both Houses a continuation of the N.R.A. until about March 1, 1937, more than a month after the next presidential inauguration. The President had intended to do this by combining N.R.A. extension, to which the Senate was opposed, with the Wagner labor-disputes bill, which the Senate had already passed by a startlingly large majority. The administration had given orders to House leaders to pass both measures, in the hope that by lumping them together, the N.R.A. pill could be made more palatable to members of the upper house. Now, new legislation will be necessary; it will be vastly different from the old, and it is safe to predict that it will be far closer to the Senate's views than to the President's.

THE administration's other chief concerns of the moment are the A.A.A. amendments and the effort to meet the storm of criticism raised by the announced low wage scales for the work-relief program. The A.A.A. amendments would greatly strengthen the existing law, allowing subsidization of exports, import quotas, further manipulation of tariffs, remuneration for farmers both for decreasing and increasing production and, most important of all, licensing for food processors and distributors. On the matter of work-relief wages, the official defense runs as follows: for most individuals, work-relief wages will be twice as large as present relief payments. Existing scales will not be altered for those engaged on P.W.A. projects, highway and

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building construction, grade-crossing elimination and the C.C.C. Workers will be paid by the month even though operations are suspended because of weather or lack of materials. Finally, wage scales can be changed arbitrarily by as much as ten per-cent. At the end of the week, it was announced from Washington that the United States is sounding out the other chief powers regarding a new economic and monetary conference. It was reported the replies have been "encouraging"—despite the present uncertainty regarding the gold-bloc countries and the chilly reception all hints of this sort have recently received from the most important participant in such a conference, Great Britain.

THE time has been too short, since the announcement of the unanimous Supreme Court decision holding the N.I.R.A. invalid, for the preparation of any extended comment on the implications of the opinion. We assume, from the fact that the judgment was based on Section III of the Act, and disapproved the delegation of blanket congressional power to the President to promulgate codes of fair competition, that the whole code structure is wiped out. We also assume that the existence of power in the national government itself to regulate industry, and the extent of that power, were not fully defined in this decision. If this is true, any desired regulation may still be attempted if Congress goes about the matter with reference to specific industries and regulations, and without delegating too much of its legislative function, and without running afoul of the prohibition against control of purely intrastate commerce. Needless to say, since we have many times pointed out the mistakes and failures of the N.R.A., we are glad that the slate is wiped clean and that we can begin anew. Its desirable and necessary activities can better be undertaken by other means. At the same time, however, we regret deeply that this result did not come from democratic processes, but was handed down to us by our constitutional Sanhedrin. When there is a choice, self-government is often to be preferred to good government.

THOSE who have observed the course of events by which other nations left the gold standard can now observe the same process operating in France. There is a determination on the part of conservatives to stick to gold. For this purpose, it is believed necessary both to balance the budget and to keep funds at home by the ancient device of raising the bank rate so that more interest can be earned at home than abroad. Both measures, however, are deflationary and add to the suffering of depression. Balancing the budget, which requires that the conservatives gain control of the government, would mean diminishing governmental expenditure, particularly on salaries, or increasing taxes. High interest rates, which can be and are decreed by banking authorities without democratic consent, mean discouragement of business expansion. Meanwhile the adverse exchange rates due to the gold standard continue to hamper exporters. Political opposition therefore grows. A movement for devaluation gains strength. Liquid capital begins to flow out, because in spite of higher interest at home for the present, the possible future loss to its possessors from devaluation is far more important. Speculators jump on the band wagon, and increase the outflow. The more desperate become the measures of the conservatives, the greater is the drive on the franc. Gold is drained abroad. Though France still has large gold hoards, as did the United States in March, 1933, the tendency to lose the metal is cumulative and creates panic. In France the internal result is likely to be political. This is the chance for the Right elements, who happen to have a fascist tendency. They may try to seize power on the issue of saving the franc and the nation. If they do this—as the conservatives of Britain did on a similar occasion—they are likely to be ignominiously pushed off gold anyway, but they will probably continue in power for their real objective of suppressing the labor movement and the drive toward socialism.

WITH three-quarters of the President's veto message of the Patman bonus bill we heartily agree. Plenty of money has in the past been provided for veterans disabled on account of the War. Even those not disabled have been granted "adjusted compensation" to make up for the difference between what they earned while in service and what civilians earned. Though this bonus is not *due* until 1945, veterans have been granted the right to borrow against it. To pay its full face value now would really be to increase the payment. It is calamitous to build up a special interest of veterans constantly looking to the government for aid and more aid. In so far as veterans suffer from the depression, they should be aided as depression sufferers just as other citizens are, and not as veterans. The best aid would be to remove the depression. The payment of $2,000,000,000 in cash now would not help much to that end, for while it would temporarily stimulate retail trade, the money would soon get back into the banks and serve only to increase bank reserves, which are now greatly in excess of current demand. So far, so good. At the same time, however, the President contends that such payments of paper money create a danger of inflation. Thus he takes over the contradiction entertained by most opponents of governmental spending. For practical purposes it makes little difference whether the government spends printed money or bank-created credit. Either the spending will stimulate business or it will not. If it does, then the President is wrong about its not helping to remove depression. If it does not, then it cannot inflate. The early stages of inflation are nothing more or less than business recovery. The later stages illustrate the misuse that capitalism, if given a chance, makes of ample spending power.

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THE article on "N.R.A. Sculptors and Chiselers" in this issue of The New Republic shows how ingenious business is in nullifying regulation. It ends, however, with the inference that if regulation of labor conditions is abolished by ending the N.R.A., those workers who cannot protect themselves through unions—admittedly the only really effective method—are bound to suffer. The necessary conclusion is not that the N.R.A. must be perpetuated. What we ought to have is independent governmental machinery for regulating hours and wages in sweated trades, not something subject to ambiguous code authorities. In England this problem has been successfully attacked—as successfully, that is, as it can be attacked under the adverse conditions of capitalism—by governmental Trade Boards, with power to investigate, prescribe minimum wages and maximum hours and enforce their findings, in industries where labor is not protected by its own organization. The machinery is similar to that to which we are accustomed in our state minimum-wage commissions, though here the power of such commissions has been trimmed by an anachronistic Supreme Court. We ought to make a straightforward attack on this problem instead of complicating it with employers' control and business price-fixing.

IT NOW looks as if the wheat growers in their new referendum would give a six-to-one majority in favor of continuation of crop restriction. That does not look exactly like a revolt by the wheat farmers against the A.A.A. It so happens that there is a better case to be made for the wheat program than for any other. As the Department of Agriculture points out, we can provide for domestic needs and probable foreign outlets with a seeded wheat acreage 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 smaller than the acreage of the three years 1930-32. Without acreage control we should be likely to add a surplus of 100,000,000 bushels a year to the required carry-over. This would mean, of course, lower wheat prices and a greater price disparity as against industrial products, decreasing the farmers' purchasing power. The new program is for contracts covering four years, 1936-39 inclusive. It can be terminated by referendum at the end of any crop year. In other respects the contract will be somewhat more flexible than before. It will also encourage more economical use of land resources by growing, on the acreage removed from wheat production, more needed crops such as timber, hay, shelter belts, pasture or other crops to prevent soil erosion. Such a program would fit well into a really planned economy—if it were part of a system that at the same time enlarged production generally and gave city dwellers increased purchasing power.

A LOVELY picture of life as it is lived under the beneficent influence of rugged individualism in the business world was revealed the other day in Newark, New Jersey. Two Newark corporations, the Clark Blade and Razor Company and the Clark Blade Selling Corporation, have brought suit for $24,000,000 against the Gillette Razor Blade Company on the ground that it sought to monopolize the razor-blade industry, in violation of the federal anti-trust law. The Gillette Company, it is charged, owns as a subsidiary the Otto Roth Corporation of Newark, also engaged in manufacturing razor blades, with an output at one time of 180,000,000 blades annually. According to the Clark interests, the Gillette Company's idea was to put out, under another name than its own, markedly inferior blades. The public would buy these, would be disgusted with their low quality, and would then tend to buy Gillette blades exclusively. Former officials of the Otto Roth Corporation testified that the manufacturing machinery was set so that only dull blades would be produced. This was done, however, without the knowledge of the workmen—for obvious reasons—and like the Southern mules who couldn't learn to trample down cotton, these men kept readjusting the machinery to turn out a better product than the Gillette Company wanted. First the officials reduced the number of inspections; then they took the stropping devices off the machines. The honing wheels were set so that they wouldn't touch the blades, but the workmen readjusted them. The belts were taken off the honing machines but the workers put them back. Finally, in desperation, the honing wheels were entirely removed. Meanwhile, millions of persons all over the country bought these blades in good faith, found them useless and, presumably, turned to the other and better product of the Gillette Company that was marketed under its own name. Or maybe they went back to old-fashioned razors.

HUEY P. LONG has taken on a new job. He is now Tax Collector for the state of Louisiana—as well as Senator, Governor and both branches of the legislature. Huey was appointed Tax Collector by the Louisiana Tax Commission. The Tax Commission was appointed by Governor O. K. Allen. Governor Allen was appointed (*i.e.*, elected) by Huey P. Long. Who, then, appointed Huey Long? The way the new job will work is this: Senator Long is empowered to institute proceedings or effect compromises for the collection of back taxes—receiving one-third of all such taxes collected. In addition, he will receive one-third of all collections made on the basis of adjustments in regard to property "heretofore incorrectly assessed." The Senator is taking his job seriously. His law firm (newly organized and with but two members) has already instituted actions totaling about $400,000 throughout the state. It would be interesting to know if any of these actions have been brought against persons or firms known to be politically opposed to Long—and whose property will be found to be "incorrectly assessed." The Senator, once again, has struck financial and political pay dirt. He denies, however,

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that he will make much money. "The contract," he says, "provides that out of my one-third collections I must pay accountants, appraisers, engineers and auditors. My expenses will be enormous. It's terrific to be a tax collector." Terrific is no word for it. It's gigantic. It's colossal. It's stupendous. Yea, verily, the wealth must be shared.

DISMISSAL of several technicians from the Columbia University Medical School presumably because of their pacifist activities, is the latest incident in the anti-Red hysteria which continues to sweep through American colleges and universities. Legislative investigations are under way at the Universities of Wisconsin and Chicago, and professional patriots are calling for similar investigations at many other institutions. Fair-minded faculty members and officials who try to preserve some measure of sanity and traditional American freedom of political opinion are subjected to ruthless pressure, especially at state-supported colleges. Other executives readily join the Red-baiting activities. Certainly one of the most reactionary among the heads of major institutions is Alexander G. Ruthven, president of the University of Michigan. Although saying, "No student will be asked to leave the university because of political beliefs or opinions, or for membership in the National Student League," President Ruthven added the cryptic news, "There have been students who have engaged in certain activity because of which they will be requested not to return." When a representative of the National Student League asked what was meant by this latter statement, the president refused to elucidate and closed the interview by saying, "You and I don't speak the same language." There are other evidences that the pressure is not all one side, such as the gathering of 2,000 students at the University of Wisconsin to denounce the self-appointed campus vigilantes who broke up a meeting of the Student League for Industrial Democracy. In spite of repressions, Red scares and political pressure, American students are learning their own language and are beginning to speak it in clear and unmistakable terms.

HARVARD now joins Williams, Princeton and Amherst in the list of American colleges and universities that have succeeded in banning the Hearst-Metrotone newsreel. Active campaigns are under way at Vassar, Yale (where the situation is complicated by the geographical merging of the campus community with the general urban community of New Haven) Dartmouth and Wesleyan; and news comes this week of campaigns against the reel being started at Springfield College and at the University of Cincinnati. The movement at Harvard was led by the Liberal Club, whose members succeeded in obtaining 1,273 signatures of students and faculty members at Harvard and Radcliffe on a petition presented to the manager of the University Theatre. It is interesting to note that the jingoistic and propaganda-laden Hearst-Metrotone newsreel was replaced at Harvard by the Paramount News, which has been complimented by the Student League for Industrial Democracy on its fair and impartial camera-reporting of the national student demonstration against war, which took place in April. The ever widening campaign to eliminate Hearst from the motion-picture screens of American colleges is a heartening sign of what can be accomplished by an aroused student and faculty opinion.

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Mr. Hearst's widely known columnist, now nominal editor of The New York Mirror, managed last week to be unspeakably rude and extremely silly, both at once. Invited to address a group of New York City business and professional women, he urged them to give up their careers, get married and "have six good children." For some time, The New York Mirror has been conducting something of a campaign in favor of marriage, and Mr. Brisbane said in his speech, as reported in his own paper, that he has been supplementing printed words by personal crusading. He said of a well known New York woman advertising writer that he urged her to embrace matrimony. "At first she scoffed, then she relaxed, and in a very little while she is going to get married." In another instance, when a mother complained that her daughter had long been courted by a man who never mentioned marriage, Mr. Brisbane suggested that he be shown clippings of pro-marriage articles from The Mirror, whereupon he proposed. One might make the comment that marriage with such an oversuggestible moron is not likely to turn out very well, but the matter is far more serious than that. Women don't abstain from marrying because of careers; Mr. Brisbane is living in a dream world of the 1890's if he thinks so. The chief reason people don't get married is that of economic obstacles; the chief of these economic obstacles is the organization of society that Messrs. Brisbane and Hearst are fighting to maintain by fair means or foul, and nowadays mostly foul. The aged editor is in the position of a man who has preëmpted the only lifeboat from a sinking ship and then says to the drowning passengers in the water: "Why don't you get a raft?"

THE competition over whether art should lead commerce by the hand, or vice versa, is getting sharper. Here, for example, is an excerpt from the critical writings of Mr. Bernard De Voto as published in The Saturday Review of Literature (the Pareto referred to is the true Pareto):

> . . . testimony is offered by a political historian, a mathematician, an industrial engineer, a psychiatrist, an anthropologist, a lawyer, and the executive head of a research organization. . . . These men work in widely different fields. They report that Pareto's book has helped them.

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We still feel, however, that the copywriters for REM (That Remarkable Remedy) have got the edge on beautiful letters. They would take a thing like that and do it proud with, say, a conspicuous half-tone cut of the political historian looking into his retort, and a banner in at the very least 98 point Caslon bold: HELPED!

Colonel Ayres Solves a Mystery

COLONEL Leonard P. Ayres, economist of the Cleveland Trust Company and one of the leading conservative opponents of the New Deal, recently announced that he had discovered the cause of depressions. As his monograph begins, it looks as if he were about to assert that the cause is war. Curves of the well known type are introduced, showing that unusually severe periods of hard times have followed every major war; there are often two such periods, called by Colonel Ayres the primary and secondary war depressions. To be sure, the chart conveniently leaves out periods when great depressions occurred without being preceded by a war, such as 1890-96. But anyone would admit that war brings disturbance to economic affairs. War is not, however, the cause he thinks he has discovered, but merely a contributory event.

The real cause is failure of business to buy and invest as usual, on account of a disappearance of the prospect of profit. Colonel Ayres proves, to the satisfaction of almost anyone, that the really important fluctuations of production and employment are in the durable-goods industries, and that business buys about three-quarters of the output of these industries. It also buys perhaps one-quarter of the output of "consumers' goods." When business stops buying, therefore, we have a depression, and when it starts again, we have a revival. And of course, under capitalism, the impulse that makes business buy or fail to buy is the hope of profit or the fear of loss.

Having made up his mind that these things are true—indeed, to anyone acquainted with modern economic science, they are almost axiomatic—Colonel Ayres in few words dismisses what he believes to be erroneous, though widely held, theories as to the cause of depressions. They are not brought on, he asserts, by (1) malefactors of great wealth, (2) overproduction, (3) price declines, (4) reduced agricultural purchasing power, (5) shortage or maldistribution of gold, (6) shortage of consumer purchasing power, (7) overinvestment in productive equipment, (8) technological unemployment, (10) speculation, (11) bad banking.

Apparently it never occurred to Colonel Ayres that most of those who have assigned one or more of these causes to various depressions have done so because they believed the development in question was what brought about the decline in prospects of profit and so induced business to buy less. Yet this fact is even more obvious than the well known phenomena that he announces as if he had discovered them for the first time. Only an idiot would try to discover the cause of depressions without endeavoring to find out why business spends less. And surely it takes only a rudimentary intelligence to guess that business, being organized for profit, spends less when less profit is in sight.

The next question is, what causes profit to shrink or expand? But it is not until he reaches page 45 of his 52-page pamphlet that he asks this crucial question, one that really is difficult to answer. And he devotes little effort to answering it. "There is no general rule or formula," he writes, "to explain the beginnings of general reductions or increases in business profits, for there are numerous combinations of circumstances which may cause these changes." In 1929, it appears, speculation was largely responsible—item number 10, previously cast aside. Usually the determining factor, he asserts, is credit stringency or ease. That surely has something to do with item 11. And finally he admits, "all the popularly assigned explanations examined and rejected in Part II of this essay undoubtedly involve or include some elements of validity." So there we are, right back where we started.

Needless to say, this is not a serious and exhaustive treatise on industrial depressions; no sentence in it calls forth more hearty agreement than that in the conclusion: "This thin pamphlet is utterly inadequate in scope and method to treat the subject with even an approach to thoroughness." It probably would never have been written unless the author had been particularly concerned to upset the popular theory, accepted in words by the administration, that consumer purchasing power ought to be enlarged. For the bulk of his analysis is devoted to disproving that depressions are caused by shrinkage of the purchasing power of ultimate consumers or can be cured by enlarging it. The first evidence on this score is a table showing which turned down first in ten recent depressions and which turned up first in the subsequent revivals: production of consumers' or of durable goods. According to Colonel Ayres's analysis, production of consumers' goods turned down first on six occasions and up first on three, while durable goods turned down first on four occasions and up first on seven. He cannot conclude from this that inadequate popular purchasing power is never of importance. What he does conclude is that priority of change does not tell us much about causative factors.

His theory is the simple one that since the bulk of decline occurs in the production of durable goods —such things as buildings and machinery—rather than in food, clothing and perishable commodities, it does no good to enlarge the purchasing power of ultimate consumers who buy the latter things. But he does not anywhere reckon with the undoubted fact that unless consumers can buy these and other goods in increasing quantities, it does not pay business to keep on buying the durable goods necessary

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to increase the output of things consumers purchase. Nor does he understand the importance of consumer demand for durable goods such as houses and automobiles. He talks as if profit to business were one thing, and ability to sell to consumers the goods that business makes were another and quite separate thing. He can see quite clearly that if you raise wages, you may increase costs and diminish profits —that action, for him, is the mistake of the New Deal. But he does not appear to see that if you do not raise wage incomes while keeping down prices (even at the cost of diminished profit margins), sales to consumers may be so small that there is no urge to expand business building and equipment.

Like so many others who have attempted to explain depressions, Colonel Ayres locates his chosen cause by selecting arbitrarily one segment of the cycle and one course of events. "The sequence in time and in causation is first, reduction of profits or profit prospects"; he writes, "second, curtailment of business production and purchases; third, reduction of individual consumer purchases. This has to be the order in which these influences operate, for if the flow of profits continued unimpaired, business activity and the earned incomes of the individual consumers would be sustained, and their purchasing power would continue without diminution."

But what precedes and causes the reduction of profits or profit prospects? He might just as logically have written: The sequence in time and in causation is first, failure of consumers' purchasing power to grow as rapidly as capacity to produce the goods that they buy; second, decline in the orders for new business buildings, equipment and speculative housing; third, depression in capital-goods industries; fourth, unemployment and general reduction of profits or profit prospects, etc. What has led Colonel Ayres astray is the fact that consumers' purchasing power does not always *decline* before depressions. But all that is necessary to cause trouble is that it does not *expand rapidly enough* when productive capacity is expanding. That is sufficient to cause a slump in the demand for new durable or capital goods. New buildings and machinery are in large measure devoted to augmenting a large existing supply, a supply sufficient to provide for an existing and undiminished demand. As Professor J. M. Clark has clearly explained, a failure of demand for consumers' goods to grow as rapidly as expected may cause an actual drop in the demand for capital goods.

Of course this is only one thread in an extremely complicated web of causation. There may be numerous causes at once. And each of these causes is, in its turn, an effect of something else. It is hopeless to try to isolate one "cause" in our present economic chaos. There is no single cause of depressions unless one uses the word in the broad sense of failure to exercise social management of the whole economy. As to the particular contention about which this pamphlet was written, the mistake of the New Deal was not in attempting to raise wages, but in doing so without at the same time properly regulating prices and taking effective measures to enlarge production. For its net result has not greatly enlarged consumers' purchasing power. It has not sought the wrong end; it has simply failed to achieve it.

Jane Addams

DURING the first week of May, when the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom celebrated at Washington its twentieth birthday and the seventy-fifth of its president, Jane Addams was greeted with distinction never before accorded to an American woman. The great banquet resounded with her praises. The Ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia and Japan, introduced by radio foreign ministers or other notables who spoke from their capitals to a worldwide audience. It was altogether a fitting recognition of Miss Addams' efforts in the greatest of public causes, that of world peace. Three weeks later another ceremony testified in a more intimate way to the personality and services of Jane Addams. In Hull-House, which she founded in 1889, her body lay in state for twenty-four hours, while in a wide circle kept by young men and women, former boys and girls of the settlement, her neighbors and fellow citizens of Chicago passed, sometimes as many as 2,000 in an hour, to say goodbye to their friend. At the funeral services the open court of Hull-House was crowded, while thousands stood on Halsted Street to hear the service transmitted through loud speakers. A Greek workman said simply what everyone felt: "Her sitting with God. Her not Orthodox. Her not Catholic. Her not Presbytaire. Her all religions."

The two occasions represented perfectly the two sides of Jane Addams' experience and achievement. She tells us in "Twenty Years at Hull-House" of the incident when she as a little girl saw for the first time the poorer quarter of the town in which her father's mill was situated. She asked why people lived in such horrid little houses so close together. Failing to receive a satisfactory answer, she then and there declared with much firmness that when she grew up she would have a large home, not among other large houses but in the midst of little houses like these. Hull-House was founded in the recognition of class separation as the tragedy of modern society. Ruskin, Morris, Tolstoy, Kropotkin were uttering their protest against the social system of which Tolstoy said: "On looking at our lives, or the lives of rich people, I saw that the *summum bonum* of these lives consisted in being separated as much as possible from the poor." Not as a radical cure of social injustice, but as a sign that real intercourse between men and women of different classes and races is possible, the social settlements were established. From the beginning Hull-House has been a center of social experiment,

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initiative and influence. The Hull-House playground was the germ of the system of small parks, in which Chicago was a pioneer. The three baths in the basement of Hull-House proved the necessity for public baths on a large scale. Experiments at Hull-House resulted in legislation for the safeguarding of women and children. From Hull-House went Florence Kelly as the first factory inspector in Illinois, and Julia C. Lathrop as first head of the Children's Bureau in Washington. From Hull-House came the impetus which resulted in the first Juvenile Court. Two interests close to the founder's heart were youth and the alien. For the first was established the Juvenile Protective Association; for the second the Immigrants' Protective League, both of which have offices at Hull-House. In initiating and organizing, Jane Addams built upon a foundation of exact knowledge born of observation, study, consultation and experiment. Justice has scarcely been done to her keen, precise, critical mind, or to the effective quality of her public speech and writing, which persuaded not only because of simplicity, honesty and utter disinterestedness, but because she knew her facts.

Through all the evolution of Hull-House as an institution, Miss Addams held fast to her ideal of friendship in community life, of the social relation as essentially a reciprocal relation. For the practice of equality she had a special gift—she felt equality. To enter into the lives of others was granted to her as to few women. The neighborhood has changed in racial complexion. Irish, German, Russian and Pole have given way to Italian, Greek and Mexican: but the spirit of welcome and help at Hull-House has remained the same. On special occasions, when foreigners, especially radicals, were in particular danger, as when Chicago tried to cover up the crime of its Chief of Police in shooting down a Russian boy, by pretending an anarchist conspiracy, or during the ghastly misery of Palmer's Red raids, it was to Jane Addams that the sufferers turned for help.

It was thus that Hull-House came to represent to Europeans the traditional view of this country as an asylum for the oppressed, sympathetic and understanding, to which they instinctively turned for help in the early days of the War. The trust and affection with which Miss Addams had inspired so many Europeans, guests at Hull-House and its neighbors, and her acquaintance with psychological and political conditions in Europe gained in travel, were reflected in her election as president of the International Congress of Women at The Hague in April, 1915. As its spokesman she visited the chancelleries of Europe, everywhere received with courtesy and distinction. She approved the effort of pacifists in this country to bring mediation by way of the Ford Peace Ship, though she deprecated the extravagant publicity that attended the enterprise. She opposed the participation of the United States in the War, meeting the denunciation of foes and the cold disapproval of friends with quiet sorrow. She advocated the recognition of the Soviet Union because it was "the largest piece of conscious social laboratory experiment that history records." After the Armistice she and Doctor Alice Hamilton were among the first to carry aid to starving Germany. Perhaps the most trying task of Miss Addams' whole life was explaining to the delegates of the Women's International League from foreign countries who came to Washington in 1924 the violent discourtesy with which they were received by ladies whose ancestors had fought in American wars, and by gentlemen of the United States army.

In a career that challenged the bitter partisanship of private property and exclusive nationalism, Miss Addams' success came from her wide intellectual horizon and from her temperamental tolerance. In the post-war hysteria, she remarks, "We used to remind ourselves that when the first biological discoveries were published, they were regarded as indecencies—when the first anthropological discoveries were made, the statements were regarded as blasphemy—when the first efforts were made to open better international relationships between widely separated people, it was perhaps quite natural that such efforts should be regarded as treason." Again she wrote "that if the activities of Hull-House were ever misunderstood it would be either because there was not time to explain fully or because our motives had become mixed."

Jane Addams' father belonged to the second generation of pioneers in the Middle West, who built railways and mills, the early experiments in industry. The crudity and harshness of the pioneers had been subdued to a graciousness and idealism that found a shining example in the later Lincoln. This finer heritage of the pioneer came to Jane Addams, a spirit of mutual aid, of coöperation, of sharing experience, and of experiment for the common good. This she translated from the prairie town of her girlhood to the city streets; this she communicated to Chicago, to her associates, and to her neighbors, so many of them foreigners who were thus able to find something really fine and splendid in America and in the Americanism of which Jane Addams was the highest interpreter of her day.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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N.R.A. Chiselers and Sculptors

ENFORCEMENT of the N.R.A. codes has thrown an interesting sidelight on the operation of American business. It was only through the fear of utter chaos, plus the veiled threat of socialization, that a large proportion of industrialists consented to try out governmental regulation of hours, wages and modes of doing business. Now that the question of N.R.A. renewal is up, there are sharp divergences of opinion. Labor has taken a stand solidly in favor of continuance of the codes on the basis that they provide some slight improvement for the worker. Little industries and "peanut" businesses have to some extent objected to the supposed oppression of small enterprises. A large group of manufacturers favor only the labor provisions of the codes. Sections of both large and small business groups object to some of the fair-trade-practice requirements. Taken together the reactions reflect the chaotic state of the economic structure.

Business has used many and devious means in trying to dodge code enforcement. Viewed alone, the devices are merely ingenious. Considered in conjunction with general business practices, these devices are educational in that they illustrate typical shady business methods. Let us look at them in two main categories.

Sculptors

Sculptors comprise a small group, easily distinguished from the mass of chiselers who dig and hack under the surface. The sculptors are by far the most intelligent law dodgers. Some of the systems figured out are so involved that on the surface they appear to be perfectly legitimate. Indeed, a few are so clever that they are technically "legal." Under code operations, partnerships increased in order to get around the payment of minimum wages. Often the more naïve proprietors forgot to register the partnerships. Restaurants and other businesses that were barely hanging on, particularly rural motion-picture houses, frequently adopted this simple expedient.

A more malicious project has since been declared illegal and is in the process of being prosecuted. It was a plan involving contracts signed between employers and employees. A large chain cleaning and dyeing company thought that it could technically turn over the retail outlets to employees, making them proprietors of the individual stores. Employees could then work seventy and eighty hours a week without the employers' assuming any responsibility. The store proprietors signed contracts whereby the cleaning establishment did the work on a 60-to-40 percent basis. Out of his 40 percent the proprietor paid gas, light and rent. Realizing that during the winter months the proprietor would be unable to meet even the overhead, the cleaning establishment paid gas, light and rent for the stores, automatically deducting this from the proprietor's commission. In addition, the cleaner "advanced" the proprietor a wage of $6 or $8 a week. The storekeeper became indebted to the company to such an extent that when the busy Easter season came around he owed all of the profits to the company and continued to work from seventy to eighty hours for the whole year, receiving the same meager wage instead of $14 for a forty-eight-hour week.

Another idea since declared illegal was to have employees pay part of their wages into stock and bond issues in order to keep sinking companies going. Textile mills employing from 300 to 600 employees, large printing establishments and glass companies have used this system. Employees paid part of their 30 or 40 cents an hour into the issues, so that they drew perhaps $8 or $12 a week in cash with little likelihood of ever getting their contributions back. Some of the companies ignored the formality of issuing certificates, so that in many instances employees did not know even how much money they had in the stocks or bonds.

A similar scheme has been to deduct half a week's wages at a time in the guise of a loan to meet operating expenses. New employees were immediately introduced to the system so that the company would owe all a like amount. The reason given to their employees was that such a step was necessary to keep them off the welfare lists. At least one company subtracted as much as $150,000 from its employees' wages in order to keep in business. On the surface this is a worthy project. A strict record is kept of amounts owed; some of the companies would unquestionably have had to shut down without this aid. Actually, however, most of the companies using this method will fail eventually anyhow. With decreased operating expenses, they are able to undersell businesses that are paying living wages and thus make it more difficult for sound industries to continue. Then, if the company cannot survive with even this aid, employees who are owed money have a preferred wage claim on machinery for which there is no market. Millions of dollars in uncollected back wages have in the past been completely lost to employees.

In the hearings that preceded the framing of all codes, labor was at a decided disadvantage. Industry came prepared with batteries of legal advisers. They constructed and projected clauses so that they would be non-enforceable. In some of the industries where labor organization was weak, provisions were made indefinite. The Iron and Steel Industry Code

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reads like a narrative, entirely different from the precise, clear-cut sections of the Graphic Arts Code, which covers printing, an industry whose labor is well organized. Article IV, Section IV of the American Glassware Industry Code contains the unenforceable statement: *"It is declared to be the policy* of the members of the industry to refrain from reducing the wage rates of employees whose hourly rates of wages through the first six months of 1933 were in excess of the minimum rates herein prescribed." In like manner the framers of the Gray Iron Foundry Industry Code avoided instituting the eight-hour day: "The industry recognizes the desirability of the eight (8) hour working day for labor and in so far as it reasonably can will endeavor to employ labor on that basis."

Chiselers

Chiselers form a much more varied and numerous group. They constitute the large body of small-time brigands who have consistently preyed on labor and against whom regulations are vitally important. Eventually union organization will operate much more adequately than governmental control in dealing with large industries. Unions can more readily obtain changes in rates of pay than can governmental agencies which must operate through legislative machinery. This will be increasingly true when labor is given an absolute guarantee of the right of collective bargaining. In the smaller industries and in isolated mills other action is essential and will be necessary for some time.

The practices of chiselers are old. They are the means used by industry to protect the industrialists' interests, to enforce their point of view, to discourage opposition and to exploit labor. Since the N.R.A. the employer has turned these guns against the agency that has attempted to support labor's weakened bargaining power. Intimidation is a racketeering device, successful in the past primarily in preventing union organization. Today it is also used against labor for the purpose of concealing from the N.R.A. the wages paid and the actual number of hours worked. This type of employer uses powerful weapons to compel his men to do and say what he wishes. Through fear of losing their jobs, workers sign receipts for $20 and receive $15 in cash. Where is the proof, then, that they received less than $20? A similar method is to pay by check. An employee receives a check for $20, endorses it and turns it back to his employer for $15 in cash.

The blackball is an ancient and effective instrument used against labor leaders. An employee who insists that his wages and hours be according to legal regulations is placed in this same class. Many and devious means are used to get rid of objectionable employees. If they are skilled employees, they can be humiliated by reclassification as laborers. They can be assigned unpleasant tasks; if truck drivers, given the slowest truck, the longest pull, overnight hauls to increase expense, heaviest loads. Their foremen drive them until work becomes unbearable. They might make a mistake, such as damaging the truck, ruining a lens, coming in late, taking a drink while on the job—errors they may have made a dozen times in the past five years—but this time it means dismissal. Once out of work, it is impossible to find work in that particular industry anywhere. If this happens in a small town, they are unable to get work in any line of business, particularly if there are powerfully organized Chambers of Commerce.

The lockout is another old-time device that has been used to bring labor around to the employer's way of thinking. A large neckwear company had underpaid its several hundred girl employees to the extent of about $4,000. The compliance division checked the payroll records, and after a long delay, the checks for the employees were turned over to the N.R.A. Then the company shut down the plant. The officials dropped the hint that if the certain sum of money, approximating $4,000, were raised, the plant might resume operations. Some of the girls, who needed the income, set about raising the money. The compliance division put a stop to that. Finally, after a few weeks, and on the threat of criminal prosecution, the plant reopened.

Ready answers by employees are dead giveaways of dress rehearsals. There was one chain of retail stores that had violations in almost every store. When the adjuster for the N.R.A. went to the first few stores, he was able to locate violations of the working hours permitted by the Retail Food and Grocery Trade Code. By the time he reached the fourth store, each employee had been instructed and told him without hesitation that he worked only the allotted forty-eight hours, six days a week. Even in this store, the employer had missed one detail. When questioned closely, the men did not know what schedule to invent so as to make their hours come within the maximum of forty-eight hours. After the fifth store, however, the answers were perfect in every detail and no violations were shown.

Almost every employer summoned before the N.R.A. is extremely anxious to find out who made the complaint. The idea is that there is a trouble maker, an agitator, a disloyal employee who must be found out. One employer, a baker, caught in code violations throughout his plant, threatened to kill the person who made the complaint if he ever found out who he was. In most instances they claim that their only interest is to find out where the trouble is so that it can be straightened out, but employees detected in the act of making a complaint seldom last very long. Some have been fired for even seeking to find out what their legal rate of pay should be. This is the reason why a $500 fine is imposed for such action on the part of the employer.

Some employers have had experience falsifying records. Dual sets of books are not at all uncommon. A better system is to give a man two different names. He then can work forty hours a week as Ralph Smith and forty during the same week as

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Harry Jones. The company avoids paying overtime and further avoids the additional labor cost of changing shifts. There are all kinds of schemes: reliable employees return to work after having punched the time clock "out" and neglect to punch it in; foremen turn time clocks back an hour during the day so that when the employees quit at five o'clock the time clock shows only four o'clock; employees work on through their noon hours, and someone punches their time clocks for them. A macaroni manufacturing company presented a new payroll covering an entire year. There was not a finger mark, and the blue-black ink had not sufficient time to turn a darker shade.

In more than one case, employers have thought they could get around the hour provisions of the codes by not "requiring" employees to work overtime or to return for work in the evenings. Until the past eight months this has been a favorite plan of some five and ten-cent stores. Payroll records would show that those who did return to work had steady work, while the others were soon dropped from the payroll. The codes themselves prevent this attempted practice by stating that "employees shall not be permitted. . . ."

Surveys of business reveal that in some industries the output under the shorter hours required by the codes is as great as that under the longer hours previously prevailing. This is a result of the well known and vicious "speed up" system. The largest mills and factories have in many instances resorted to this practice. Where employees worked by piece rate, the rates were set so low that employees had to work at breakneck speed in order to make the 40 cents an hour required by the code. It is true that if the worker did not make enough by piecework to give him 40 cents an hour, the company made up the difference, but if there were consistent amounts to be made up each pay day, the employee did not last long. Exhausted after work of this kind in pants factories, steel mills or glass plants, the laborer derived no benefit from his shorter hours. It is only within the past six months that regulations have been handed down to define adequate piece rates and so largely to prevent this method of exploitation.

"Doubling up" is a system akin to the speed up. It is sometimes even more harmful to the employees. Efficiency experts dabbled with this long before the depression. Now, even in our large steel mills, men who formerly operated one machine work two or three. This is especially true in the case of codes requiring that skilled employees receive as much pay for forty hours as they used to receive for forty-eight hours' work. Weavers in one silk mill now operate as many as from four to six looms when they formerly operated from two to four.

Breakage, laundering, meals, house rentals have long been devices for keeping wages down. A large wholesale optical company paid amounts varying from nothing to $10 a week to employees learning the trade, before the code for that industry went into effect. As written, the code provided a minimum of $10.80 for a week of forty hours until the employee has been in the trade for six months. This company, after consulting its attorneys, went beyond the code rate and paid the full $16 a week to these beginners. When the amount was paid and signed for, the paymaster requested a return of $12 for breakage. The employee received, then, $4 for his week's work. In that business, breakage is general and unavoidable in grinding and polishing lenses, even for experienced employees. (Speaking of breakage reminds me of a restaurant in which one employee signed slips to the effect that he had broken $81 worth of dishes in six months.)

A fairly common practice is to raise the rent on company houses to make up for the increased wage required by the code. In one instance, the rent was raised from $6 to $50 a month in order to make the company's books appear to show that said company was complying with the code. This happened to be a flat-glass company, but other companies in different industries have attempted to do the same thing.

The old paternal, manorial guardian is one of the hardest chiselers to detect. He has looked after his employees as if they were children, has frequently had them in his employ for years, has advanced them money to save their homes, bailed them out when they misbehaved. In a great many instances he has had the interests of his individual employees at heart, has paid them a few dollars over the minimum rates required, and worked them a few hours overtime only when necessary. This is the ideal employer of the paternal school, but he is greatly outnumbered by the employer with a falsely expansive smile who refers to his employees as one big happy family. When questioned, the workers generally turn out to be poor relations and are treated as such. Theoretically they can come and go as they please. Actually they remain on the job for long hours and dare not take any time off.

Politicians, friends and blackmailers exert all possible influence in favor of employers. They tell the compliance adjusters to "go easy on this man." Chiselers sometimes work through judges, congressmen, wealthy business men. They threaten to jeopardize the positions of governmental employees. One went so far as to attempt to charge racial persecution. He threatened to bring certain alleged remarks before a powerful Jewish organization if continued action were taken against this employer. Along with threats the other type of insidious action —good-will bribes—is often found. In the twentieth century money offers are in bad taste, but it is considered good psychology as well as perfectly honorable to make certain gifts after the negotiations have been completed. These gifts vary. Flowers, knives, anchovies, candy, radios, pipes, shirts, macaroni are a few. Even when there has been no violation gifts are proffered. The givers feel that there may come a time.

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There was a very good reason why voluntary compliance boards were done away with in June, 1934. Before that time these boards had been set up and were dominated principally by the Chambers of Commerce in localities. Some businesses found it necessary to comply rigidly with the codes then in effect. Others found it quite unnecessary. The influence went farther than that. There were positive instances of information being turned over to employers by the Chambers of Commerce so that employees making complaints were dismissed, laid off or furloughed, according to the subtlety of the employer.

An even more despicable type of chiseling is that used by some prominent business men who have used their positions to have themselves appointed code authorities in various industries. Then they proceed to be the worst and most conscious violators of all, knowing the codes thoroughly, as they do. It was also found that the businesses that paid the largest assessments to support the code authorities were treated a little more gently than the sub-jobber who had only his car in which to carry candy. This has been practically eliminated by ousting such men.

If the government sees fit to relinquish control over the types of chiselers mentioned, unbridled exploitation will continue as in the past. The machinery set up has been a psychological deterrent and an instrument to ferret out instances of conscious preying on employees who have no protection other than governmental supervision.

CALVIN P. RICHARDS.

Progressive Birthday

THE DOUBT cast on the legitimacy of the Republican Party by the failure of its parents to agree on the date and place of its birth will be avoided by the Progressive Party. It was born at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, May 19, 1934; and to keep the chain of tradition bright it celebrated its first birthday at the same place on May 19, 1935. Between four and five thousand people gathered on the common in front of the courthouse to hear Governor Philip La Follette review its brief but glorious history. They came from many counties of the state. In the center of the closely packed throng the drum and bugle corps bearing the banner of the Women's Progressive Club of Milwaukee made a spot of color, in white uniforms with red capes, tall red caps with visors rising above their scholarly, serious faces.

The crowd was typically Wisconsin, revealing in comment and conversation the effects of the unequaled political education given to the state by two generations of La Follettes. Now and then, it is true, someone expressed a yearning for the fleshpots of Father Coughlin. Huey Long was not mentioned. There was no evidence of hardship. Indeed, the chairman expressed a fear that in consequence of the unusual proportion of fat men present the committee would be unable to honor all the 1,200 tickets issued for admission to the banquet at the armory in the evening, and advised them to shrink down to reasonable proportions. [Great laughter.] At this party a handsome birthday cake with one candle shining at the peak was impressively cut by Governor La Follette, and there was singing and decorous entertainment. Altogether it was a throwback to an earlier, more primitive and intimate type of American political life. It was certainly a heartening experience to hear a Governor talk political realities to a big crowd on a basis of common understanding of difficulties and problems, without a touch of flag waving, ballyhoo or bunk.

The occasion failed somewhat of its promised luster. Senator La Follette and the seven Progressive Congressmen were kept in Washington by the bonus fight. The Governor made no apology for the stand of the Progressives on payment to the veterans. He reminded us that his father had pointed out in 1917 that the cost of the War would inevitably include providing generously for those who fought the war, participation in which the Progressive leadership in Wisconsin always opposed. [Applause.] Governor Olson of Minnesota, who had been announced to wheel his Farmer-Labor baby to the party, had gone fishing. Mayor La-Guardia pleaded official engagements in excuse for his absence, and spoke briefly by radio from New York. Clearly third-party leaders keep aloof from each other for fear of spontaneous combustion.

The La Follette brothers are fortunate in their short names. "Bob" and "Phil" are an invitation to intimacy. "How you feeling, Phil?" a voice calls as the Governor rises to speak. "Fine, thank you." As the bell in the courthouse tower strikes four in the middle of his speech: "Don't let them count you out, Phil." "Not on your life." With his hair *en brosse,* graying a little, he looks as if twenty years hence he would be the image of his father in his great days. That anticipatory likeness moves many in the audience, whom he addresses as veterans of forty campaigns "who went into the battle before I was born."

He sketches the history of the party. Thirteen months ago they started to get a decision from the Supreme Court as to the conditions under which a third party could be born. A month later they got the specifications—50,000 signatures within the next three weeks. They obtained 125,000. In the election of 1934 they elected a United States Sen-

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ator, seven Congressmen, the Governor. They lost the legislature, but since then they have elected state senators in two bye-elections, in spite of the fusionist opposition of Republicans and Democrats. And the hostile legislature has been held to the Progressive policy of meeting the financial problem of relief without the abomination of a sales tax, by taxation according to ability to pay. The Governor has just returned from Washington with a promise of $100,000,000 of federal funds to carry out his own program of putting men back to work with self-respect and self-reliance; for he thinks it best "not to give people much of anything, but give them a chance to do something for themselves." He adds: "I express the deep appreciation of every citizen that the President has shown such confidence in us."

It was noteworthy that both Mr. LaGuardia and Governor La Follette spoke with favor of President Roosevelt. Very probably Governor Olson would have joined them if he had been present. His immediate problem in Minnesota, like Mr. La Follette's in Wisconsin, is to combat unemployment, for which they need money from the national administration. Both sense the political wisdom of making their positions secure in their own states. Governor La Follette recognized at the close of his speech that a political realignment is inevitable in the United States, that the Progressive Party must be built in other states. In a burst of engaging frankness he confessed that he was perhaps at fault in being "too much wrapped up in the state of Wisconsin" (he always elides the "sin"); but he reminded his audience that "what we do will help more than what we say," that their immediate task was to give a demonstration of what progressive-minded people can do in a single state. "Our immediate responsibility is here."

This advice was not too pleasing to the stalwart members of the Progressive Party. Americans in politics tend to run toward the big tent when the great quadrennial sporting event is run off. Without a national party they feel that they are not in the political game at all. Already fluttering about the courthouse square were handbills calling for the nomination of Robert M. La Follette for President, with Senator Norris for his running mate. The demand for a national third party among the rank and file is very strong. Whether the state third-party leaders will be able to hold their followers in line, especially if they endorse Roosevelt, remains to be seen. They doubtless expect a more radical administration in Roosevelt's second term, with a split in the Democratic Party at its close. Can they for five years hold the claim thus staked out and filed, or will the radicals jump it in 1936? That, like everything else, depends on recovery.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Radio Priest—in Person

YOU FELT, as soon as you reached Broadway, that something was in the air. The crowd merged upon Madison Square Garden from all directions, sluggish human rivers flowing into a common delta, the lights blazing and dancing and hundreds of cops, and it was different from the usual Broadway throng. The hard faces and clipped accents of the boys who follow the fight racket were missing and instead of the balloons and trinkets they were selling when the circus came to town, the street peddlers were selling buttons welcoming Father Coughlin to New York and photographs of him, and other peddlers, doing not nearly so thriving a business, held up pamphlets, "The Truth About Father Coughlin," and one of Huey Long's chief lieutenants was yelling out the headlines of The American Progress.

You felt, also, a different temper in the crowd—a quiet, sober, seriousness; plain men and women, workers clean and shaven and wearing their best clothes, little business men and shopkeepers; thousands and thousands of common American people coming to find, not entertainment or excitement, but political enlightenment. And you realized, lost among them, that this would have been impossible ten years ago; that this was the thing that the knowing cynical said would never happen; the American people roused from their lethargy and taking an active, vital interest in the politics of their country. And deep within yourself, as you were borne along by the crowd, you felt a gnawing bitterness at the thought that this interest, so fine and stirring, might eventually be directed toward reaction and disaster.

The price of tickets ranged from two dollars to fifty cents, but the Garden was packed and jammed. It was draped with bunting from floor to ceiling and there were many American flags and from the gallery, filled long before the more expensive seats downstairs, you saw only a solid mass of faces and the tops of bald heads shining in the flat, colorless light and the breaking clouds of blue cigarette smoke sucked through the ventilators. And you felt again, sitting in close intimacy with those about you, that this was a composite, living portrait of the American people—of all ages and of every class.

On one side of me sat a woman, plain and simply dressed, who came with her son, a blond-haired boy in his teens. On my other side was a man, one of a party of several, whose accent was heavily Irish when he asked me for a match. He

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was, he told me later on, a mechanic who lived in Brooklyn. His friends were also workmen. Before me, equipped with a pair of binoculars, sat a man who was obviously a white-collar worker. Next to him was a girl—a stenographer, perhaps; or perhaps a clerk in a store. And so on, one by one, face after face—the plain and simple people of America.

There was a band, the brasses catching the light, and now, suddenly, it began to play "The Star Spangled Banner." The audience rose, one of the men near me singing the words under his breath, and far below a single small American flag waving in time to the music and then, when the band had finished and the applause had died, the first speaker came to the microphone. He spoke badly, it was hard to hear what he said, the audience strained to listen.

"This afternoon," the words rasped through the microphone, "the House of Representatives overrode President Roosevelt's veto of the Patman bill by a vote of 322 to 98."

There was a split moment of silence and then, just as smoke billows from a gun, a cheer billowed up from the crowd—a steadily rising volume of sound through which the applauding hands of the people in the orchestra looked like flying, fleshy wings. That applause, however, was nothing like the roar—the spontaneous, deafening roar—that greeted the appearance of the radio priest himself. He came briskly upon the platform with the sheets of his typewritten speech fluttering in his hand, wearing his severe Catholic black, his white collar gleaming, and then the crowd was on its feet yelling and clapping and whistling in a wild, hysterical demonstration that lasted five full minutes. Several times the priest tried to speak, but the crowd would not let him. He stood before the microphone, his smile and features barely discernible from the gallery, and it seemed, as one remembered other priests, half-hidden behind the grill of the confessional or encountered on a dusty country road, a strange place for a priest to be. Perhaps he was himself aware of the strangeness, for as he opened his address, he hastened to explain:

"I am wise enough to understand that you have not given me this welcome because of what I am, or who I am, but because of the things which I happen to stand for."

Another roar from the crowd; once again it was on its feet. And this was to happen again and again, throughout the evening—except for the boos, and they were frequent, called forth by every mention of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Father Coughlin's address, to those who have listened to him speak over the radio and who have read his speeches, contained, in respect to his social program, little that was new. A major part of it was given over to an attack upon the bankers, the N.R.A. and the "kept press." Its particular importance derives from his statements regarding the National Union for Social Justice—how it is to operate, what its function will be, how it will try to get the various proposals in its platform enacted into law. Up until the time Father Coughlin began to tour the country, these things were obscured in rumor and mystery. There was talk of a political alliance between the priest and Huey Long. It was said that Father Coughlin was going to appoint a steering committee of twelve men, a group that would be something like the College of Cardinals, to point the political direction of the National Union and to see that the charted course was steered. None of these things, it now appears, is true.

The National Union, first of all, according to Father Coughlin, has no thought of establishing a third or fourth political party. Its organization will be of the loosest kind and its members will be unified, principally, by the voice of the priest. Its policy, as outlined by Father Coughlin, will not be unlike that of the American Federation of Labor in the early days when it did not feel it should be contaminated by political activity.

> In our effort to restore democracy to the American people, the National Union asks no citizen to desert the political party in which at present he is interested. We do appeal to you as citizens, however, to interest yourself in the primary elections in order to select within your own party a suitable congressional candidate who is pledged to the principles of social justice. We further appeal to you, if your efforts have been unsuccessful in the primary elections in selecting a suitable congressional candidate, to remember that you are Americans first, that you are Republicans or Democrats or Progressives or partisans second. . . .
>
> Vote for that congressional candidate who has courage to profess publicly and openly his support of the specific principles of social justice—the planks in the National Union's platform. His very pronouncements or his failure to publicize pronouncements is the secret of your organization. The National Union supplies the principles. The candidate and you yourselves apply them. . . .
>
> By means of the radio, information relative to desired or proposed legislation is brought into your home. By means of the telegraph or the post office, the National Union urges you to contact your representatives for the purpose of informing them of your thought on any specific legislation. . . . Thus the National Union openly professes that it is an articulate, organized lobby of the people, to bring united pressure upon the congressional representatives for the purpose of securing the passage of those laws which are for the people solely. Congressmen who oppose the expressed will of their constituents can no longer be tolerated in public office.

Beyond that, so said Father Coughlin, the National Union does not propose to go. It will content itself with bringing what might be called moral and telegraphic pressure to bear upon Senators and Congressmen. Whether this program will be subject to future modification (as, for example, the Share Our Wealth program) cannot be now deter-

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mined. It is probably safe to assume that it will be; that, as time goes on, Father Coughlin will find it necessary or expedient to bring his reported six million followers more closely together.

Such action, however, is not now contemplated, so Father Coughlin says, and in its present form the National Union is not to be excoriated as a fascist organization—potentially, perhaps, but certainly not now. It is made up of men and women who, if one may judge by those in the Madison Square Garden, are profoundly discontented with the present social system and who follow—even worship—Father Coughlin because they have faith in his ability to lead them, not unlike Moses, into a new and more fertile land.

With that faith, poured from twenty thousand throats, you could not help but be impressed—impressed and deeply worried. For with at least four million people ready to follow the bidding of one man's voice—a man many of them have never even seen—you must ponder if faith is to be used again, as it has often been used in the past and most recently in Germany, to oppress the very people who so deeply possess it.

Much depends on Father Coughlin and Father Coughlin is a confused and confusing man. His political philosophy is a mixture of Bryanism, socialism and capitalism, with frequent references to Pope Pius and Jesus Christ. It is obviously not the philosophy with which to effect the social change, to win the more abundant life, demanded by his followers. If any attempt is made to transmute it into action it will lead, by its very nature, into fascism—not because Father Coughlin is a malicious man or a wicked man, but simply because he does not know how to get from one state of society into another; and because, in his confusion, he is likely to ally himself with—or have his movement captured by—a few powerful men who also want a more abundant life—for themselves.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Dance of the Macabre Mice

In the land of turkeys in turkey weather
At the base of the statue, we go round and round.
What a beautiful history, beautiful surprise!
Monsieur is on horseback. The horse is covered with mice.

This dance has no name. It is a hungry dance.
We dance it out to the tip of Monsieur's sword,
Reading the lordly language of the inscription,
Which is like zithers and tambourines combined:

The Founder of the State. Whoever founded
A state that was free, in the dead of winter, from mice?
What a beautiful tableau, tinted and towering,
The arm of bronze outstretched against all evil!

WALLACE STEVENS.

Elmer's Fireside Chat

J. T. RILAND, veteran editor of The Woppingtonian, opened the door of Durkin's news and tobacco den and let himself in out of the damp, chilly Democratic night. He found the proprietor reading by the stove.

"Good evening, my friend," said Elmer, pointing with his pipe to the vacant chair. "Just in time for one of my famous fireside chats."

"Don't let me hinder you if you're trying to improve your mind."

Elmer declared a dividend of one slim, blond cigar and said it was always a pleasure to meet a Republican who knew enough to come in when it rained.

"You called the turn at that, J.T. I've been boning up on the Three R's."

"Is that another of those alphabetical things?"

"Sure, but Herbert Hoover thought this one up. It goes by the four-dollar name of Regional Republican Rehabilitation. That means they dig up the elephant a section at a time and look for signs of life. The digger-uppers didn't have so much luck down Boston way, but now they're going to try the Middle West."

"Oh, yes. The conference at Springfield, Illinois."

"That one handed me a cackle, J.T. If you remember, the Kansas lads doped out this meeting. Their hunch was to scratch around the grassroots and rake up some live specimens of the species from the corn, wheat and dust belt. They would throw a party at K.C. and show the world that the G.O.P. was not as mossy as advertised.

"Then the National Committeemen of those states jimmied in and swiped the show. It's to be held at Lincoln's tomb—wouldn't you know those bims would stage a revival meeting in a graveyard! The big shots have ruled that anybody who ever had a case of inflammatory newdealism will be tossed out on his beezer. They may allow the left-wingers a couple of flaps, then they will crack down. Uncle Hank Fletcher has slipped us the tip-off. The Republican Party is progressive because it is conservative. That clears *that* up."

"I suppose the party will go ahead under its present leadership," said Mr. Riland with a shade of regret.

"Well, it can probably be identified by bits of jewelry or dental work." Elmer's countenance was shrouded in insincere gloom. "Only a year to go and this outfit can't show a candidate better than Class D grade. I saw a list of white hopes the other day as long as your face. Any statesman who pulled through the blizzard of '34 without freezing his dogs got a play. There was plenty of presidential timber there, but all it looked like to me was a petrified forest."

"There is some truth in what you say, Elmer, but the New Deal is not going so well either."

"I string with you there. F.D. is drawing lots

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of headaches. The N.R.A. goes sour on him and the boys are shopping around looking for a good trade-in. The cotton birth-control plan has backfired badly, the relief works are lousy with chiselers and Jim Farley had to be whitewashed from cellar to roof. Our Prexy vetoes the Patman mess and gets a flock of bonus boys and inflaters in his hair.

"The dope sheets seem to show that business is some better, but the gravy hasn't soaked through to us toiling masses much. There's lots of misery being held and that gives the pied pipers a break. Huey Long offers to make every man a five-grand king with a piece of the Ford works in the backyard. Doc Townsend fixes it to park the old folks in a twenty-room shack with giggle water in the Frigidaire. Father Coughlin waves his magic tongue and panics them over a nationwide nitwit."

"Maybe there will be a third party," said the publisher hopefully.

"I know that line. The scenario was that the Townsenders and the Coughlinites and the Longatics would kick in about twenty million voters apiece and mop up. A couple of weeks back The New York Herald Tribune had sweet dreams going through its girlish head of the Democrats split so bad that F.D. would run number three. That stuff has done a fade-out lately. Our Hero bats 'em from either side of the plate and since that run-in he had with the Chamber of Commerce he's been hooking them towards left field. Anyhow I could never see where the Democrats would pull any rough stuff on the Great White Sugar Daddy. They always squawk but they never walk out on the free lunch.

"The Badger boys won't start anything now. I'd say, if allowed to horn in a word once in a while, that the G.O.P. will have to roll its own next year. You and I know that the outlook is not so hot. Like Dave Reed says, you can't beat a new deal of five billion smackers. If happy days are here again, Roosevelt can breeze in like Omaha. If not he'll still have millions of people drawing groceries and pay checks. Either way he collects. Baby! is that a system!"

The editor accepted this blow philosophically.

"We may not win in 1936, but four years later they'll beg us to come back and clean up the mess."

"Attaboy!" said Elmer. "Life begins in 1940."

FELIX RAY.

For Futures

When the lights come on at five o'clock on street corners
That is Evolution by the bureau of power,
That is a nice mechanic dealing in futures,
For the sky is wide and warm upon that hour;

But like the eyes that burned once at sea bottom,
Widening in the gloom, prepared for light,
The ornamental standards, the glazed globes softly
Perceive far off how probable is night.

JOSEPHINE MILES.

Washington Notes

Why the Wagner Bill Went Through— The N.R.A. Nears the Crisis— Senatorial Ultimatums

AS THE Congress plods its weary way toward adjournment, the prospects of which have recently improved, it looks as if very little of the Roosevelt program will have to be abandoned. With the passage by the Senate last week of the Wagner labor-disputes bill, the threatened legislative jam was broken, and the Senate is in a position to make great speed. Presidential control over the House ensures its moving in obedience to administration schedule. At least, with the bonus veto out of the road, that is the way the more competent judges of the situation see it at the moment. They concede that various things may happen to muss up this prospect, but they believe that the holding-company, banking and social-security bills will all go through, somewhat modified and diluted, but not really emasculated. The pressure back of them, when fully applied, is such as to leave little doubt of the result—particularly since the so-called work-progress machinery under Mr. Hopkins has begun to revolve.

The picture has certainly changed. A week ago things seemed in a more or less desperate tangle, and Mr. Roosevelt's closest friends in the Senate were telling him that if he desired to get Congress out of Washington before the fall it would be necessary to throw at least half of his remaining program overboard. Moreover, he was preparing to do exactly that when the Senate acted on the Wagner bill. Violent antagonism toward this measure upon the part of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Manufacturers' Association, the American Liberty League and all other and kindred organizations representative of big business had convinced every observer that a bruising fight would be made on it. Predictions were freely made that it would not be permitted to go through, that Mr. Roosevelt at heart was opposed to it and could not afford to let it become law.

The fight simply did not develop, and the ease and speed with which the Wagner bill—as deeply controversial a measure as has been in Congress for years—passed the Senate was as unexpected a performance as has occurred at this session. The explanation is threefold: first, there was the consent by the White House, due, it is generally believed, to organized labor's acceptance of the continuation of Mr. Donald Richberg as head of the N.R.A.; second, there was the fact that among the Senators opposed to the Wagner bill not one was sufficiently acquainted with its provisions to make a telling speech against it. The result was that, with the exception of the Tydings amendment, easily voted down, no real effort to beat the bill was made and the only extended speech was the one by Senator Wagner himself in behalf of the bill. Third, there was the fact that the constitutionality of the Act will be contested promptly in the courts. All three of these things combined to grease the way for the bill, and while they were known in advance to some extent, the size of the majority was a surprise to the friends of the bill and the absence of real debate astounded them.

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With the Wagner bill safely through the Senate, and the N.R.A. fighting for its life in the upper house, Mr. Roosevelt late last week determined upon a bold stroke. It had been assumed when the Wagner bill went through the Senate that the President had been exerting quiet pressure behind the scenes in its behalf. Now he came out boldly in its favor, virtually ordering the House to pass the measure. At the same time, however, he also asked the House to extend the N.R.A. practically in its present form—except for the abolition of price-fixing—until about March 1, 1937, or a month after the next presidential inauguration. Assuming that the Supreme Court does not declare the whole N.R.A. idea unconstitutional—which may have happened before these words appear in type, or a few days afterward—the administration will then be in a strong position to bring pressure to bear on the Senate for N.R.A. extension. The President will have the support of organized labor and he will have his bill safely through the House. The House version of the Wagner bill puts the Labor Relations Board under the Department of Labor, which nobody outside that Department wants; the administration will thus have an important bargaining point with Senate leaders when the matter comes to conference. It was a clever political idea to tie the Wagner bill and N.R.A. extension together—if anything, perhaps a little too clever. These ingenious plans have an unfortunate way of turning into boomerangs.

The fight over N.R.A. in the Senate is still sure to be a bitter one, and many of Mr. Roosevelt's aides look forward to it with apprehension. The death of the Blue Eagle and his brood, either through congressional inaction or Supreme Court decision, would be fatal to the whole New Deal system. So many other administration activities, such as the Federal Alcohol Commission, the National Emergency Council, the National Information Service, are tied in with the N.R.A. organization that a period of confusion even greater than now exists undoubtedly would follow. On the administration side, the belief is that if the N.R.A. is scuttled it will not only weaken the whole New Deal structure and damage its morale, but retard recovery by throwing large numbers of men out of work and permitting a return to cutthroat competition, lower wages and longer hours. The opponents of the N.R.A. insist that none of these things will happen.

While the Senate resolution was sponsored by a Democratic Senator—Bennett Clark of Missouri—the main resistance to a continuation of the N.R.A. in anything like its present form comes from Progressive Republican Senators, such as Borah of Idaho and Nye of North Dakota. There is neither politics nor personal prejudice in their opposition. It is a matter of conviction with these men and that is the best reason for believing that on the N.R.A. issue Mr. Roosevelt may meet his most signal reverse of the session. One of the Democratic supporters of the Clark resolution tells me there are at least ten Senators who are determined neither to accept the House proposal nor compromise. With them, he says, it will be either the Clark resolution or nothing. Actually, of course, there isn't a great deal of difference between the two. The Clark resolution, limiting the life of the N.R.A. to a few months longer, eliminating price-fixing and cutting off perhaps 80 percent of the field of operations by limiting the codes to interstate business, would hardly leave a breath of life in the battered old Blue Eagle.

This senatorial insistence on killing the N.R.A. is quite impressive; but I have heard these senatorial ultimatums before and I still believe in the likelihood of a compromise. The whole trend of this administration is in that direction. Nothing is fought through to a logical conclusion. Everything is modified, which is one reason for the private dissatisfaction with the administration program felt by so many members of Congress who want to go along but would like to know more exactly where they are going.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

An Echo of 1929—Generals Cummings and Farley Pick a Wall Street Prize—Who Wants to Cut the Eagle's Throat?

AN EVENT of the last week brought back the flavor of that tinseled era of the twenties as vividly as the discovery of Jimmie Walker's silver flask in a hock-shop on Sixth Avenue. I refer to the final explosion of two investment trusts in Boston. It is not, of course, generally worth noting the blow up of an investment trust. But these two had a peculiar interest for me. They were organized by precisely the same kind of men who are now telling us, or at least are beginning to tell us, just what is going to happen to us in the coming years.

The two investment trusts are the Seaboard Utilities of Boston and the Railroad Shares of the same city. Their shares were sold all over the country and listed on several stock exchanges. But the interesting thing about them is that they were both offered to the public in September, 1929. It was in that month that the first premonitory rumble ran through Wall Street and advertised to all who had ears to hear the coming of the storm. A perfectly sane man might have been excused for being fooled in June. But by September all the evidences of an approaching crash were visible. Nevertheless in September and October there were men so blind that they continued to organize investment trusts and holding companies and to buy shares with other people's money at the market tops and to promise those people riches from such an investment. These two investment trusts were formed upon the very brink of the chasm.

Now these trusts, after selling shares to the investors at $12 each, and after seeing the shares sink to 25 cents, watch them sink still lower as the trusts are discovered to be in a hopeless condition. The incident recalls to our minds how little the men who managed high finance knew of the forces with which they dealt. Have we any right to suppose that they know any more now and that their counsel, after being persistently wrong for the last ten years, is worth any more today? Nevertheless, they have crawled out of their holes and are picturing the future for us graphically with as much confidence as they did in 1929.

A reader who agreed with what was written here two weeks ago about our friends of the bar sends me a few paragraphs attributed to Mr. Justice Miller, who was a

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member of the Supreme Court when Salmon P. Chase was Chief Justice. In late life, writing in a blue mood about his colleagues, he said:

> It is in vain to contend with judges who have been at the bar the advocates for forty years of railroad companies, and all the forms of associated capital, when they are called upon to decide cases where such interests are in contest. All their training, all their feelings are from the start in favor of those who need no such influence.

One does not need the experience of a long life to acquire this bit of wisdom. Why, then, is it so persistently discarded in the Washington of 1935? I have been told, and I think it is true, that our distinguished Attorney General, who is going to call on the bar to clean house, is actually considering, in collaboration with that other general, Jim Farley, the appointment of Mr. Wayne Johnson to the post of District Attorney of New York. Mr. Johnson's chief claim to fame, as I recall, is that he obtained an $80,000,000 tax refund for the Steel Corporation, for which, we may be sure, he was rewarded in a princely manner. It is said that he received an annuity from the corporation besides. He has appeared for other large corporations in opposition to the government. Can it be that there is no man at the New York bar worthy of this high post but a Wall Street lawyer?

Our free-born Americans are being urged to continue the N.R.A. for another two years and the propaganda technique used so successfully when it was hatched is being renewed. Although it is an instrument that gives Big Business an opportunity to regulate and control, it is being bitterly fought, we are told, by Big Business. At a time when the populace was groaning angrily at Big Business this went down pretty well. Now it is being used again and the ruthless big baron is pictured as trying to cut the throat of the bird he fears. Of course, this is all sheer bunk. The steel industry, through Mr. Tom Girdler of Republic Steel, has appealed to Congress not to destroy the N.R.A. Scores of big business men have joined in that appeal. If they could keep the N.R.A., under which they can limit production, produce a scarcity and keep prices up and find themselves united under government auspices against labor, they will be quite happy. What they do not want is to see the Wagner labor-disputes bill pass. That is a bird of another color.

On the other hand, what do the little fellows think of this? An incident may give us an idea. In the Senate, Senator Nye rose and declared that in his state cards had been distributed to be addressed to him calling for the continuance of N.R.A. They were sent to business men all over the state to be signed and then were sent on to Washington. He had received 300 of these cards. But only six called for continuance of the N.R.A. The remainder crossed out the "yes" on the card and voted "no" against continuance. Thereupon Senator Vandenberg rose and said that by a curious coincidence he had received 360 cards from his state, and that only four asked for continuance of the N.R.A., the others being against. Senator Dickinson of Iowa then got up and announced that he had received 500 cards from his state and that all but twelve were against the N.R.A.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

An Indefensible Wage Scale—Terrorism Goes on in Imperial Valley—Workers Die Young

IN TRYING to defend the new relief wages of $19 to $94 a month, Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins has, I think, shown most effectively how indefensible the new rates really are. According to Mr. Hopkins, the proposed wage scale is "substantially just to all" because:

1. The scale is flexible and permits exemptions for labor on public works, housing, etc., on which prevailing rates may be paid.
2. The scale is higher than present relief standards in communities like South Carolina, where average relief is only $9 a month.

Thus, it would seem, the wage scale is just (1) because it is *not* to be paid to skilled workers in the building trades and (2) because it *will* be paid to other workers, who are out of luck anyway. This sort of reasoning, taken merely as an exercise in logic, is bad enough, but it shows up even worse in the light of the actual relief problem. For even if one takes Mr. Hopkins' word that prevailing wages will be maintained on certain types of work (and there are many experts who doubt that it will be possible), the fact remains that this will mean nothing whatever to some four-fifths of the people on relief. Most of this large group (constituting about 16,000,000 of the 20,000,000 workers and their families on relief rolls) are likely to fall into the lowest-wage bracket.

Of course it is not possible to predict with any great accuracy just how the new relief scale will be applied. There is reason to believe, however, that the scale—with its $94-a-month top—is misleading in that very few workers will ever get that figure or anything like it. In the first place, available statistics indicate that about 40 percent of the relief population is in rural areas. The number of professional and skilled workers in this group is small—less than ten percent. Thus, presumably, about nine-tenths of this group will fall in the lowest bracket—$19 in the South to $40 in the North. The 60 percent who are on urban relief rolls are, of course, more highly skilled, but unfortunately their skill is most often in lines utterly unsuited and useless to a federal-works project. This can be readily seen from an analysis recently issued by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, showing the occupational characteristics of the urban relief population:

	Percent
Professional	2
Building Trades	11
Manufacturing and Mechanical	33
Domestic and Personal Service	20
Sales and Clerical	14
Transportation and Communication	10
Unskilled and Farmers	10

From this it would appear that only the first two groups—constituting less than 15 percent of the unemployed—can

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be reasonably sure of getting anything more than the rates for unskilled labor. The vast majority in the third group, who have worked in iron, steel, machine and automotive plants, or in the clothing, textile, furniture, food and similar industries, are unlikely to find their special training of any value in the works program. For there is no indication that the government intends to compete with private industry in these fields. Similarly, most of those in the remaining groups must be considered, in terms of relief work, as unskilled.

Thus President Roosevelt's wage scale threatens to put between 80 and 90 percent of the unemployed on a destitution-wage level. A small group will get more than $50 a month, but the majority will be forced to work for less than that. It is not unlikely that the average pay will be somewhere between $30 and $40 a month. This represents about one-fourth of the amount that health experts estimate as necessary for a family to maintain a bare subsistence standard of living.

One argument advanced by the administration to justify these low wages is that it will permit more people to be employed. What the administration fails to point out is that if more people are put to work, this means that more materials and work equipment must be purchased. And with a given sum of money—say $4,000,000,000—this means that the share of the money paid to workers must be reduced in order to take care of the additional purchases of materials. Accordingly, if wages are cut in half, additional workers may be employed, but their total share of the appropriation will be less, while the amount going to private industry will be greater. Inadvertently or otherwise, the new wage scale represents an increased subsidy to the industries supplying building and construction materials.

The recent report of the American Federation of Labor on conditions in Imperial Valley throws light on the nature of the "Red menace" among the agricultural workers there. According to this report, the vigilante bands of the planters are using the same terroristic tactics against the lettuce pickers, who this year are organized in an A.F. of L. union, as they did last year when the workers attempted to organize under the leadership of the left-wing Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. To the ranchers the conservative A.F. of L. union is apparently just as Red and dangerous as any other. Here is what happened during the lettuce strike this year, as described by Joseph M. Casey, A.F. of L. organizer:

> A crew of irresponsible and unknown morons was prevailed upon to break the strike, with the law-enforcing bodies arming them with pick handles, pistols and deputies' badges. This unnecessary and promiscuous deputizing of non-resident strikebreakers finally resulted in the uncalled-for and cold-blooded murder of two striking pickets. Next we find the state of California shamefully aiding and abetting this land of terroristic vigilantism and fascism by sending in police from the state highway patrol. The attitude of these "cossacks" was so bitterly biased that union strikers were hunted on the public streets like dogs.

At frequent intervals during the past five years, health officials have reported that the economic crisis has not impaired public health to any very noticeable degree. There is the implication in these announcements that the health standards of pre-depression days were more or less satisfactory and that so long as these standards can be maintained there is no great cause for concern. A recent study of occupational death rates, made by the United States Public Health Service, suggests that such optimism is far from warranted. It appears that in 1930 the death rate for unskilled workers was 50 percent higher than the death rate for all other workers combined, and nearly 100 percent higher than the death rate among professional and business men. This wide disparity between the upper and lower economic levels, it is worth noting, is more pronounced in the United States than in England. For the professional and business group in the United States the death rate is lower than in England, while for unskilled workers here it is 29 percent higher. Among the principal causes for the excess death rate among those in the lower economic levels, the Public Health Service lists the standard of living, the nature of the job and racial characteristics. It observes that this condition is a "challenge of the first order to health authorities." It is, of course, an even greater challenge to and indictment of our economic system.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

The National Folk Festival

THOSE who consider folk expression as belonging to a quaint past would have been obliged to alter their notion if they had followed the five-day program of the second National Folk Festival at Chattanooga from May 12 to May 18. A large number of the participants were young, and some of the groups were made up of workers in modern industries.

The Festival was opened by square dancing in the evening on Broad Street with competing teams from Soddy, Crossville, Sale Creek, and from the Chattanooga Post Office. The Soddy team are hosiery-mill workers who have been on strike since last November. During their enforced leisure they have polished off both figures and steps, and they presented these with a spirit and grace that won them a special prize. Their caller, Chester Winters, was proclaimed "the best caller in the world" as he led them through the mazes of "Cage the Bird" and "The Ocean Wave":

> Wave of the ocean
> Wave of the sea
> Wave that pretty girl
> Back to me
> Wave of the ocean
> Wave of the shore
> Wave that girl
> And wave no more

Quite literally thousands turned out to see this dancing. It belongs out of doors, and somehow the wide gray street with distant corner lights and colored street signs made a spacious and beautiful setting for the swift and sure, trance-like motion of the sets. At the end the musicians from the competing teams played for a free-for-all.

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Among the outstanding workers' groups were a dozen anthracite miners from Pennsylvania who sang familiar ballads of their region and occupation, "Shoo Fly," "The Old Miner's Refrain," "Down in the Coal Mine," the last of these full of the purposes and prejudices of a miner's wife:

I'll ne'er stick me fist in the washtub
The Chinee man he'll have me trade
I'll ne'er pick a coal off the dirt bank
I'll buy everything ready made
We'll dress up our children like fairies
We'll build up a house big and fine
And we'll move away from the Hungaries
When the breaker starts up full time

These little known ballads, which have been collected by George G. Korson in his "Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner" (The Grafton Press), celebrate or describe nearly every phase of the miner's existence as this was known from the seventies onward, from the bitter hardships of the small breaker boys to the emotions that ran through the great Knights of Labor strike:

Corbon, Cox and Swigard
What will you have to say
When you meet our Master
Upon the Judgment Day
With a frown He will confront you
And show you the other way
Saying you have starved My children
In free Americ-a

Scabs and squealers were given their place in caustic verses, and the Molly Maguire ballad is still known by which a Pinkerton detective made himself a place in order to hunt out the Mollies.

Negro boys from one of the C.C.C. camps sang work songs like "John Henry" and "Po' Lazarus" to the movement of a cross-cut saw. A group from the Jibboom Club in New London presented sea-chanteys, and it was interesting to have Leo Reagan in a talk about them emphasize the extent to which folk songs from a different sort of life, as from the Southern plantations, or even minstrel songs, were turned into chanteys in the days of sail. The songs and ballads of the lumber camps were not work songs in a proper sense. They were sung and often composed in the bunkhouses at the end of the day's work against a background of fiddle music or the light strings of the true dulcimer. But episodes of camp life were described as in "The Jam on Gerry's Rocks," which with "Once More a-Lumbering Go," "Flat River Girl" and "Little Brown Bulls," was sung by a dozen old-time lumberjacks from Michigan who also danced the characteristic jigs and clogs of the camps and played fiddle tunes.

Significant alliances cropped up between certain of the sea-chanteys and some of the songs of the lumber camps, and again between lumber-camp songs and those of the cowboy. A large variety of cowboy songs was sung by Romaine Lowdermilk of Rimrock, Arizona, on the stage and before informal groups, bearing out the effect of alliances and suggesting the interweaving of balladry throughout the country by migratory workers. The identities were mainly in music. The verses suggest wide differences in ways of life. The cowboy songs tend to be far more detailed, far more individualistic than the typical songs of the lumber camp. These are likely to turn toward massed and choral effects even though they originated as solo ballads or celebrate a personal exploit.

With all the invasions of the radio, the movie, the newspaper, the integrity of traditional forms seems to have been kept almost intact in many places, and, moreover, the younger generation seems often to possess a warm and instinctive sense of a genuine inheritance, to judge by the interest with which they have entered into many of the small preliminary festivals and have joined in the National Festival, sometimes making a genuine sacrifice to do so. This is not to say that they have produced no alterations. Those who are uninterested in a ballad or a dance unless it has a sixteenth-century prototype will object to these changes, yet surely they are a healthy sign. The hosiery group from Soddy know quite well that they have departed from old ways in certain of the steps within the old figures. Mr. Bascom Lunsford of Asheville, North Carolina, brought a hundred young people from the mountains round about who produced one of the most exciting spectacles of the Festival in their square dancing, particularly when at the last three teams were dancing at one time, and all of these showed innovations. These changes have beauty, and probably the younger generation will sturdily keep to them. They mean, I think, a sustaining tradition that is genuinely alive.

Fortunately, under the leadership of Miss Sarah Gertrude Knott, the director and founder, the Festival has been planned for its human values rather than as an antiquarian exhibit. Hers is a daring conception, to draw in folk groups of many kinds from all over the country and to stimulate enjoyment of this extraordinarily varied heritage in the widely spread regions. The Festival had in all ways an extraordinary breadth. Spanish singers came from the New Mexican border. Groups of Kiowas and Cherokees offered characteristic dances and music—the Cherokees from an ancestral group which stubbornly refused to be moved to the plains a hundred years ago. The Negro chorus of a thousand voices, led by David Collins of Chattanooga, a chorus quickly and very naturally assembled, was magnificent. A large group of old harp singers from Georgia sang white spirituals. Student-workers from the Highland Folk School at Summerfield came down with play-party games. In the morning sessions for discussion and in casual talk with visitors from a distance one heard of rich and genuine folk expression in some out of the way county in a region that might be considered as lacking altogether in it. Some of this material is extraordinary in character and still practically unknown to the outside world.

In other words, folk expression as it exists among us today represents many essential living unities and may form a wide and fundamental kind of national unity. Not least of the values of the Festival came through the interchanges of the many folk groups. They like the Festival. As its plans are developed from year to year and its significance is more widely seen, it is possible that some of our ideas of sociology and education will be revised.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Nomination for the Nobel Prize

SIR: Under the title, "A Martyr for Peace, and the 1935 Nobel Peace Prize," The London Observer recently asks: "If Herr Hitler's demand for peace is sincere, should he not free Carl von Ossietzky to work in the cause which der Führer so piously affirms?" Ossietzky was the secretary of the German Society for Peace and later the chief editor of Weltbühne, the weekly that in pre-Hitler Germany corresponded most closely to The New Republic in America. Before Ossietzky's admirable journal was suppressed by Hitler, it fearlessly exposed the secret armaments of the Reichswehr and the numerous secret murders of men who opposed these armaments. These were the initial events of the very armaments that have now frightened the startled world into a new armament marathon and finally have begun to alarm even Hitler's most perverse bodyguard: the English Labor Party.

Ossietzky's timely revelations of the new war danger were the passionate expressions of a true European to whom the peace of the world and the lives of millions of his brethren meant more than the "patriotic" conceits of the Junkers and other predatory reactionaries again eager to fight for their Fatherland. The Reichswehr managed, even in 1932, to have von Ossietzky imprisoned. He could have fled. Berthold Jacob, who was condemned with him, did flee (and was kidnaped, in February, 1935, from Switzerland by Nazi gangsters). Ossietzky refused to flee. He thought it more patriotic to take the attitude of a modern Socrates, desiring to fulfill the law even in prison. He was accompanied to the prison doors by friends and admirers, amongst whom were many of the leading writers of Berlin. The ceremony in front of the prison was one of the last and most impressive civic demonstrations preceding Germany's downfall.

In addition to protests from many thousands in Germany and England, Thomas Mann sent an eloquent protest against the miscarriage of justice. He wrote (January 10, 1932):

> It is terrible and humiliating to live in a country where the force of the law is abused for spreading a cover of silence over the demonstrations or disorder [*i. e.*, the secret murders and armaments]. I think the annihilating of public criticism should be left to a future fascist dictatorship under whose government the open discussion customary to free nations will be replaced by secret and cowardly whisperings.

Even before their advent to power the Nazis enforced an amnesty to free their own gangsters from prisons. But in Parliament (it then still existed) this amnesty was made an all-embracing one, and as such it also liberated men of the left, among them the innocent Ossietzky. Undaunted, he returned to his editorial office and resumed his losing fight.

Immediately after the Reichstag fire, he was again thrown into jail, this time without explanation, trial or sentence. He is now doing forced labor. From an escaped fellow prisoner we have the report that Ossietzky is treated as a "Polish swine" and forced to work far beyond his failing bodily strength. What a contrast! When Hitler, in 1923, was put in prison for most obvious high treason and armed rebellion, he got notoriously fat there and was permitted to write his voluminous war program, "My Battle," demanding the destruction of France and the conquest of Russia, a mad document which today is compulsory reading in all German schools and barracks.

Last month the tortured pacifist, Carl von Ossietzky, was proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize of 1935 by Jane Addams, then the only living woman holder of this award. Her motion has been seconded by Romain Rolland, Albert Einstein, the P.E.N.—club of German refugee writers and many non-Germans. The people and government of Norway, where the Nobel Peace Prize is given, are progressive. Perhaps, therefore, in 1935 the international recognition accompanying the Nobel Prize will not be given, as it was last year, to a Henderson with a comfortable position and utterly without need of such recognition. Perhaps, next year, the Peace Prize will be given to a martyr for peace.

Ossietzky is neither Jew, Communist, clergyman nor anybody else specially predestined for Nazi persecution. Nor is Ossietzky in possession of Germany's new military secrets (as the unfortunate Berthold Jacob was). His present tortures can have no other significance than that of stupid vindictiveness on the part of those Prussian war lords whose preparations he interfered with. It is most dangerous to fight for the sake of peace. Aside from being a great pacifist, Ossietzky is a brilliant stylist. The fight for his freedom should rally all good writers, even fascist ones—if such can be found.

New York City. WERNER HEGEMANN.

More About the Bankhead Bill

SIR: *Ben Marsh's letter on the Bankhead bill, which you* publish in your issue of April 10, is a mixture of cerebral confusion and contradictory motif, but surely Mr. Marsh can afford the simple facts. He says "The Chairman . . . held a two-hour hearing and refused me an opportunity to appear." There was a full day's hearing (March 5) of which there is a seventy-seven page printed record. Mr. Marsh offered himself as a witness after the Committee had adjourned, and stormed into Senator Bankhead's office as if he were not merely the secretary of the People's Lobby, but the very voice of all the people. Nor is it the purpose of the bill, as Ben Marsh suggests, to take over the lands of the "land speculative and 'deserving' Democrats." It is rather, as Dr. Carl C. Taylor, one of the witnesses before the Subcommittee on Agriculture testified, to "break the back of the tenancy system" in the United States. . . .

The real reason why Mr. Marsh does not approve of the project is because "it is folly to assume that most tenant farmers and sharecroppers can run their own show . . . run their own farms." . . . He does not realize that he is passing a judgment of inferiority on nearly half of our farmers. He does not seem to know that as long ago as 1930, 42 percent of all farmers in the United States were tenants. In other words, these people who are incompetent to run their own show are now running millions of farms owned by other people. . . .

If this bill passes, it will make possible the break-up of the plantation system in the South and the development of a stable and progressive rural community, not merely in the South, but in other parts of the United States as well. Ben Marsh's opposition to this measure, in view of his long-proclaimed advocacy of the people's causes, is Quixotic. . . .

Washington, D. C. FRANK TANNENBAUM.

Justice and the Mercury Strike

SIR: On May 3, we, the undersigned writers, attending the American Writers' Congress, took the opportunity of expressing our sympathy and solidarity with the striking office workers of The American Mercury by joining in a peaceful mass picket line in front of the Mercury office at 730 Fifth Avenue. Several of us are former contributors to The Mercury.

For this exercise of our rights of free speech and free assembly we were arrested in a group that included twenty-one writers and intellectuals, three of whom had been mere onlookers. We were booked for disorderly conduct. The charges were shouting and marching up and down, carrying placards, interfering with traffic. We had walked a single file along a sidewalk on which fifteen people could walk abreast. Our case was dragged out through three long court sittings until May 15.... His Honor, Judge Smith of the Magistrates' Court, supposed impartial representative of justice... struck out all testimony that was social in nature or might be interpreted as prejudicial to the employers, even shouting imprecations at us and our attorneys in a wholly undignified fashion. When one of our attorneys tried to tell the Judge that the Regional Labor Board had ruled that the editor, Mr. Palmer, and the publisher, Mr. Spivak, had violated Section 7a of the N.R.A. and must reinstate the workers (which they have refused

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to do), the Judge shouted, "I don't care anything about what this Regional Labor Association or whatever it is has decided. . . ." And in spite of the fact that the Regional Labor Board had decided in favor of the strikers, we were all found guilty and given suspended sentences.

We would like to express in your columns our emphatic protest against the patent injustice of such a decision, which we see as an attack on the rights of citizens in general and of labor in particular; and as an attempt to illegalize labor's weapon of mass picketing, which is and must remain a right under any but a fascist government.

ANN RIVINGTON, EMMET GOWAN,
EUGENE GORDON, GRACE LUMPKIN,
MERIDEL LE SUEUR, EUGENE JOFFE,
IVAN BLACK, JACK BALCH.

New York City.

"Of Blackest Midnight Born"—?

SIR: Not until "Some Midwestern Poets" in the May 1 issue of The New Republic did the malignancy of the cancer in the life of America, which you so assiduously probe with the social and economic scalpel, appear so hopeless. Each verse is a dirge; no, worse than a dirge: the cry of a sick child dying in a wilderness in which it has not yet lived. Almost without exception, all gasp of a "blackened spot where the heart was."

If these are indeed representative of the "heart of America," why, all the liberalism cannot remedy and the passionate, if somewhat frantic, cries or screeches of terrorism seem preferable, with at least its possibility of a quick death. All the dialectics of the Marx-Lenin-Stalin Institute seem a feeble argument to break with all that is and was in tradition after reading what transpires in the souls of these Middle Western Poets.

Chicago, Ill. SIDNEY BLACKSTONE.

Extracts from Letters

THE International Committee for Political Prisoners sends us a copy of a communication delivered recently to the Austrian Ambassador at Washington in which the League protests against prosecution of the members of the Social Democratic Party in Austria for non-violent political activities. The Austrian government is commended for its recent amnesty for certain classes of political prisoners and urged to release from prison all those convicted solely for political agitation. Among the signers were Emil Lengyel, journalist, Mrs. Theresa M. Durlach, Paul U. Kellogg, editor of The Survey, Dorothy Detzer, Secretary, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Professor H. M. Kallen of the New School for Social Research, Charles Edward Russell, Washington, D. C., and Roger N. Baldwin, chairman of the Committee.

Horace M. Kallen, professor of Psychology and Philosophy at the New School for Social Research, sends us a transcript of correspondence between himself and Senator Borah regarding a quotation printed in an article written by Professor Kallen for The Journal of International Relations in 1921 and commented upon by Senator Borah on the floor of the Senate in March, 1935. The quotation represented George Washington as departing from his traditional isolationist views to the extent of envisioning a future development "when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the advantage of the nations." Mr. Borah, on the floor of the Senate, said, "This statement attributed to George Washington is a crude, clumsy, impudent forgery," but he was careful not to say that Profesor Kallen was in any way connected with the forgery. Some newspapers in commenting on the incident were not so punctilious as Senator Borah in drawing this distinction and Professor Kallen feels that his professional reputation was damaged and that his position in the matter should be made clear. In the first place, Professor Kallen did not directly attribute the quotation to Washington. Further, Professor Kallen was able to show two high authorities, Mr. Edwin D. Mead in 1913 and 1903; and Richard Olney, Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet, in 1898; who accepted and printed the quotation as genuine, and it was on their authority that Professor Kallen used the quotation without further research. Investigations are now being carried on to determine, if possible, the exact source of the original quotation.

The growing importance of white-collar workers in the building of an effective labor movement or of a fascist movement is recognized in the announcement of a workers' school planned especially for men and women who work in offices. The Summer School for Office Workers, held for the past two years on the campus of Oberlin College, will hold its third session this summer at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, July 6 to August 3. This is the regular four weeks' session, and there will be a shorter two weeks' session July 6 to July 20 for those who are unable to stay for the full period. The school is sponsored by the Affiliated Schools for Workers, Inc., whose director is Miss Eleanor G. Coit and whose member schools include the Summer School for Women Workers in Industry at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; the Southern Summer School for Women Workers; the Wisconsin School for Workers; and the New York City School for Workers. Further information concerning the office workers' school may be obtained from the Summer School for Office Workers, 302 East Thirty-fifth Street, New York City.

The University of Denver announces that it will hold an Institute of Public Affairs this summer, beginning on June 18 and continuing to August 28. During this period the University will offer various groups of courses, organized in two-week units, in the fields of economics, education, political science, sociology and philosophy, supplemented by lectures by well known authorities and round-table discussions. The general purpose of the Institute is to provide for intelligent adults an interpretation of the current American scene.

John Mooney, brother of Tom Mooney, is shortly to arrive in New York to begin a seven-weeks tour of Eastern cities to assist the movement to bring about the release of his brother from prison. All trade unions and other organizations that wish to join in arrangements or meetings to be addressed by Mr. Mooney are asked to communicate with the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

The Dodecanesian League of America calls attention to the oppression of Greek nationals in the Dodecanese Islands by the Italian government. Italian Fascist soldiers are accused of attacks on unarmed Greek residents and the League protests against the organized oppression of the non-Italian elements in these Islands.

A turn to the left was registered at the recent Youth Today conference held in Minneapolis under the sponsorship of the Council of Social Agencies, according to a report sent us by Anne Ross, of that city. Although the official agenda were grouped under such innocuous headings as "Friendship" and "Leisure," and the principal speaker was Professor Walter B. Pitkin, the conference went on to adopt resolutions against the drafting of soldiers for war on foreign soil and favoring government operation of factories by and for the unemployed. The Conference expressed the belief that there can be no permanent solution of current problems under the capitalist system and that we must have a socialist planned economy.

Organized protest against the dismissal of Winslow H. Hallett, Ph.D., from the faculty of Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pennsylvania, is being directed by the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Federation of Teachers. Dr. Hallett, an instructor in mathematics and psychology for the past three years, was dropped presumably because of his pro-labor point of view and activities. The Board of Trustees has consistently refused to give any official reason for the dismissal, and friends of Dr. Hallett regard the Board's action as an unwarranted invasion of a college instructor's rights to citizenship and to participate in contemporary affairs.

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Mountain's Mouse

Parade, by Paul Peters, George Sklar, Frank Gabrielson and David Lesan. Lyrics by Paul Peters, George Sklar, Kyle Crichton. Dialogue staged by Philip Loeb. Music and Dance Numbers Supervised and Staged by Robert Alton. Settings by Lee Simonson. Orchestra under the Direction of Max Meth. Costumes by Constance Ripley for "Life Could Be So Beautiful," "Sugar Cane," "Tabloid Reds," and Fox and Walters Specialty Dance. Costumes by Irene Sharaff for "I'm Telling You, Louie," "Marry Me" (Characters). Costumes by Billi Livingston (Courtesy of Brooks Costume Co.) for "Ain't So Hot," "I'm All Washed Up on Love," "Marry Me" (Chorus), "Selling Sex." Costumes by Lee Simonson for "Bourgeois Processional." Scenery built by McDonald Construction Company, painted by Triangle Studio. Properties by G. E. Weidman and Henry L. Gebhardt. Stock Ticker by Warren P. Munsell. Draperies and curtains by I. Weiss and Jo Hansen. Costumes by Eaves Costume Company. Costumes for "Bourgeois Parade" by Madame Pulliche. Masks for "Bourgeois Parade" by Remo Bufano. Character costumes by Jean Tate. Animal costume in "Last Jackass" by Garrett Becker. Shoes by La Ray Bootshop. Miss Marshe's shoes by I. Miller. Hosiery by Jessie Zimmer. Wigs by Oscar Bernner; raffia wigs by Lucien. Special make-ups by Senz. Modern luggage by Bal Trunk Co. Production Committee, Lee Simonson and Philip Moeller. Steinway Piano used in this production. Lighting equipment by Century Lighting Co. Orchestrations by Conrad Salinger, Russell Bennett, David Raksin and Jerome Moross. [*Forty rooms but it's a home.*]

A GOOD deal of leaving by the audience.

In the versions of some of the authors of the skits in this "A Satirical Revue," such authors, for instance, as Mr. George Sklar (or at least in their original intentions), there may have been a certain conviction and gusto. If not that, a definitely adolescent purpose to knock a few blocks off. Created by producers and actors who thought these numbers vast and risible shocks, done, that is to say, *bona fide* and *con amore,* some of these numbers might have got somewhere. They might at any rate have been, according to the audience, either annoying or encouraging. They might, also, have suggested the soupçons of conviction: bitter bites at our social structure, merry and sarcastic underminings of what has long been thought serious, fragrant or passable. People who all look alike might, without knowing it, have found themselves burnt by those really excellent masks of Mr. Remo Bufano's. Or, considering some of the numbers, it was depressing. One needed to be lifted out of it by gracious cranes, as it were, and transported to the Savoy Plaza, where Mr. Dwight Fiske was singing his satiric melodies; and where one might feel, whatever else, the texture of a sandwich between one's teeth. Beside such a revue, without conviction, joy or vitality, even Sex claims its own. Sex, Broadway, and even the Preferences of the Tired Business Man, are justified by the Guild's "Parade. A Satirical Revue."

As a matter of fact it is ridiculous to write here any notice at all of this event merely because it is by the Theatre Guild, the—as the program says—final production of the Theatre Guild's seventeenth subscription season. Little yokels of Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and so on, who have not yet enjoyed the offering, need to be told this. There is a place where a triangle of people at the back of the stage fades out, not bad as dramatic effect; and there are kindly moments among the performers' sheer presences there before us. Taken at the top, this venture could at best be called opportune. In sum, therefore, the only reason for writing about "Parade" is Jimmy Savo. The main reason for writing about Jimmy Savo in "Parade" is to say that he is mostly thrown away.

In "Parade" we watch diverse young people vamping their way through skits, song and dance, as a rule flat if satiric, when we might be seeing the variations of one of the best figures in the American theatre. It is true that Jimmy Savo was born in the Bronx, as the program tells us, and was the son of an Italian shoemaker. The fluency and vagary of his method, and the poignant void in which he improvises, would tell us that. "At six," it seems, "he was practising in a vacant lot with stones. The stones turned out to be impractical because when he missed a trick they left bumps on his head. . . ." Et cetera. Well. in "Parade" he is practising in a stony lot with vacancy, and his head is well bumped. "This is his first appearance with the Theatre Guild, because somehow he has never seemed right for O'Neill's tragedies or Shaw's comedies." So the Guild has been waiting all these years for a chance to give a chance to one of our best theatre talents! Well, as to that, he almost never seems right for the production that the Guild has him in now. I have rarely seen a more wasted and damped use of a living theatre substance. What a pleasant sentence that is in the classic Lucian where he says, "I invite your incredulity!" A bourgeois society like our subscriptional one ventures less easily such candor. Lucian, Lucian, do you remember the place where you said—of course that was in the second century *anno domini*—"old age is wisdom's youth"? You were not speaking of the Theatre Guild.

In this case at least of such a waste of such a talent and possibility of entertainment, the Guild is not unlike Broadway, where the producers would bring down Saturn for the mere sake of his rings, though cutting him to eight minutes on the program; and where the audience throbs with the luxurious sense of constricted stellarism, great stars overpaid and undercut.

The characteristics of Jimmy Savo are known long ago, all that clowning and purity of guile that, plus a shrewd and exact calculation of stage effect, holds the audiences spellbound. To compare him with Charlie Chaplin is just one more case of the beloved human comparative nonsense. "Chekhov," says a Russian photographer to me, "is the Russian Maupassant." The obvious answer is that Maupassant is not the French Chekhov. But such discourse is a waste of time, boys will be boys. Charlie Chaplin has some vast and quivering, intangible and lovely thing that is not to be found anywhere else, in clowning or in the rest of our theatre's acting. It is nothing against Jimmie Savo to say that Charlie Chaplin at his best is the most marvelous thing in our American acting world, his only rival Chaliapin's Boris.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

News from New Guinea[1]

THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS are coming home. Thirty years ago they began to scatter toward the ends of the earth, in search of tribal cultures still uncorrupted by merchants, missionaries and machine guns. They measured the heads of Papuan head-hunters, they stole the digging tools of Digger Indians, they recorded the sexual rhythm of anybody half-willing to talk about it. Now at last they are applying their desert and jungle lore to the tribal cultures of the German blond Nordics and the white Protestant 100-percent American he-men.

Take Miss Margaret Mead, assistant curator of Ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History. She has been using her anthropological training to study a problem that Stalin and Hitler have studied in terms of politics and Freud in terms of the subconscious. Why do men and women behave differently? Are there certain qualities, like boldness, aggressiveness and logic, that we can scientifically regard as masculine? Are there other qualities—timidity, submissiveness, intuition—that belong to women by their biological nature? Or, is it possible that both sets of characteristics are socially assigned and imposed, like parts in a community drama? How can we give both men and women freedom to develop their inherent possibilities?

Miss Mead tried to answer these questions by studying three primitive tribes, all of them living in northwestern New Guinea. Among the Arapesh, a gentle people of the hills, she found that both men and women were trained to be coöperative, unaggressive and trustful. Warfare was practically unknown. Fathers shared the work of child-rearing—to such an extent that when Miss Mead referred to a middle-aged man as good-looking the people answered her, "Ye-es? But you should have seen him before he bore all those children." The whole pattern of Arapesh life was soft and maternal. But a hundred miles southeast of them lived the Mundugumor, whose pattern was truculent, selfish and male. Miss Mead spent several months among these recently reformed cannibals. She found that both men and women were lecherous, violent, almost completely lacking in tribal or parental feeling. Babies were neglected and often drowned at birth. The ideal of romantic love among the Mundugumor was for a boy and girl to meet secretly in the jungle and scratch each other till the leaves were covered with blood. Miss Mead observes that neither of the first two tribes she studied showed any contrast between the sexes. "The Arapesh ideal is the mild, responsive man married to the mild, responsive woman; the Mundugumor ideal is the violent, aggressive man married to the violent, aggressive woman."

Traveling a hundred miles farther up the great valley in which the head-hunters ambush their enemies and betray their kinsmen, she studied the Tchambuli tribe of artists and fisherwomen. Here there was plenty of sexual contrast. The men were delicate, wheedling, esthetic; they spent their days in gossip or in perfecting ceremonial dances. The women were matter-of-fact and jolly. "Solid, preoccupied, powerful, with shaven unadorned heads," they sat in groups, laughed together and carried on the work of the tribe. Their attitude toward the men was "one of kindly tolerance and appreciation." Miss Mead found that what we regard as the normal roles of the two sexes were reversed among the Tchambuli.

But she also drew a general lesson from her observation of these three savage tribes. The lesson was that most of the so-called masculine and feminine traits are social rather than biological, acquired rather than instinctive. They are no more closely linked with sex than are women's hats or men's waistcoats.

> . . . human nature is almost unbelievably malleable, responding accurately and contrastingly to contrasting cultural conditions. The differences between individuals who are members of different cultures, like the differences between individuals within a culture, are almost entirely to be laid to differences in conditioning, especially during early childhood, and the form of this conditioning is culturally determined. Standardized personality differences between the sexes are of this order, cultural creations to which each generation, male and female, is trained to conform.

In the argument leading to this radical conclusion there are some links of which the weakness is obvious even to a non-anthropologist and non-sojourner among the Papuan aborigines. Thus, on the basis of Miss Mead's own records, it is not true that "neither the Arapesh nor the Mundugumor have made any attitude specific for one sex." The attitude of restlessness, of continually seeking new distractions, is a trait of the Arapesh men; their wives call them "Walk-Abouts" or "Never-Sit-Downs." Among the Mundugumor, the attitude of reckless self-exposure in warfare is specifically male. Among all three tribes, even the women-ruled Tchambuli, it is taken for granted that the men will have a monopoly of hunting, trading, fighting, painting and wood-carving, whereas the women will stay at home and preserve the continuity of tribal life. If all the researches of all the anthropologists were added together, it might be shown that a few male and female characteristics have prevailed everywhere. After all, the men are stronger than the women and are unhampered by pregnancy. The matriarch has to be gentler and more conniving than the patriarch. Even the Tchambuli women are careful not to rule their husbands too openly, for, as the men say, "We might become so ashamed that we would beat them."

Yet it seems to me that Miss Mead is essentially right in her principal conclusions about sex and temperament and the lack of a real connection between them. She is right in saying that most of the traits connected with social classes are also non-hereditary, are roles invented as if by a dramatist and imposed as if by a dictator. There is no more biological basis for class distinctions than there is for the belief of the Mundugumor that only a child born with the umbilical cord wrapped round its neck can become an artist. And Miss Mead is justified in her emphasis on the infinite adaptability of human nature. This, indeed, is the lesson pointed by the studies of almost all the modern anthropologists. After scattering over the world for thirty years, they are now carrying home the results of their studies. They have to report that nothing is humanly impossible, that there is certainly no inferno in which man has not managed somehow to live and probably no Utopia toward which he might not rise.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

[1] Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies, by Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow and Company. 357 pages. $3.

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Frederick Jackson Turner: Non-Economic Historian

The United States: 1830-1850, by Frederick Jackson Turner. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 630 pages. $4.50.

THIS IS the magnum opus of Frederick Jackson Turner; this is the work for which the author's many learned papers and monographs of almost half a century were only so many exploratory essays and which, in itself, occupied the labors of fully fifteen years. "The United States, 1830-1850," embodies the application of the Turner theory and method to one of the three most critical periods in American history (the period preceding the American Revolution and that of our day being the other two), with the result that we are afforded an opportunity for reviewing the intention and achievement of the man who, more than any other individual, has been responsible for the character of American historical writing in recent times.

The Turner thesis has been expounded so frequently that it is hardly necessary to present it in detail here. It is enough to say that its central point is the uniqueness of American historical experience, for which two factors largely have been responsible: the settlement, one after another, of a series of frontier zones, this process profoundly affecting the forms of American institutions and coloring the national psychology; and the appearance and continuity of sectional differences due to peculiar physiographic, economic and demographic conditions. These sections have acted—and will continue to act—upon each other in a great variety of ways: and it has been the function of politics to reconcile antagonisms and discover ways and means of accommodation. True, once in our history, "party ties working nationally, like elastic bands, to hold the sections together" broke under "especial strain," and the Civil War followed; but all this was in the past, so that today, "by substituting discussion and concession and compromised legislation for force," the American sections can hope to look forward to living forever in amity and understanding and sweet reasonableness. It can be seen that what we have here, despite all of Turner's preoccupation with superficial economic and cultural details, is a psychological and political (in other words, a wholly non-materialist) interpretation of the American past and a prediction of continued equilibrium under middle-class dominance.

It is interesting to see how the Turner technique works out when confronted by one of the most important problems in American history, namely, the reasons for the inevitability of the Civil War. Almost two-thirds of this very large book, the reader will note, are devoted to presentations of the aspects and diversities of the six sections of the United States of the period: here are gathered vast stores of curious and for the most part unimportant facts about the geography and demography of the sections and their social, cultural and intellectual habits. What little attention there is devoted to the productive system and the class relations and hostilities flowing out of it is entirely of a casual nature: one reads that household manufacturing was replaced by the factory system, but not through what forces and what was the degree of integration; that the textile, iron and boot-and-shoe industries existed, but not how they built up their power and came to dominate American industrial life; that railroads were being constructed, but not who financed and operated them; that foreign capital was at work in the country, but not how it got here and how it was utilized; that workingmen's parties came and went; that immigrant cheap labor was regarded with suspicion; that the plantation system could not endure in the old South but could in the new; that slaves revolted; and that lower middle-class humanitarianism, led by "practical idealists," flourished. In short, every significant characteristic of the age is discussed virtually in an aside. But there are pages and pages devoted to uninspired recitals of so-called cultural and social developments: to the anti-liquor agitation, the peace movement, public education, the spread of learning, the influence of the press, as well as to the personalities and vagaries of almost every obscure politician who mounted a rostrum. The author's pet fancy of the interaction of sectional life is presented with a learning and elaborate detail that are altogether bewildering; but again the emphasis is on psychological and social rather than on economic and class ties and irritants.

Operating within such a framework, obviously one has little room or indeed preparation for exploring the nature of the conflicts that emerged in the political arena. The last third of the book, which is given over to a narrative of the activities of the sectional spokesmen at Washington, and which is in effect a history of the presidency and Congress, is the least satisfactory portion: often the writing proves simply unintelligible as a continuous exposition. The leading political questions of the two decades were the tariff, the disposition of the public lands, internal improvements and banking control: it is easy to see how struggles over these matters would be inevitable—given an adequate description of the period's productive system, the economic and social relations intrinsic to it, and the class antagonisms that sprang up. But this background Turner has not prepared, with the result that one really never learns why hostilities should be so pervasive and recurrent. The fact is, the central problem of the generation is left as dark as ever and it is one of the ironies of this carefully planned book that it does not afford the reader the slightest intimation of the irrepressible conflict toward which the country was moving, as a result of the developments of exactly those years with which the author has been preoccupying himself.

It must be said bluntly that the Civil War cannot be understood through the utilization of Turner's hypothesis and method. That conflict took place because of the breakdown in the economic and social relations growing out of a productive system in which, on the one hand, a commercial agricultural class (using slave power) and, on the other, an industrial capitalist class (using free labor power) came to be locked in a life and death contest. Only the most painstaking analysis of the character and needs of the two classes and the methods by which they won over or neutralized the working-class and lower-middle-class groups in their midst will reveal the deep roots of a struggle that has been denominated correctly the Second American Revolution.

American scholars—as long as they continue to use the blunted tools Turner left them—are at a serious disadvantage: and, so long as they fail to apply a historical materialist interpretation to American affairs, so long will their painstaking seminary activities have not the slightest relationship to present-day realities. Increasingly, educators are raising their voices to demand a robust fare in the social sciences; but the scholars, in history more so than in any other discipline, are still dishing up the uniqueness of American experience and the frontier dream.

LOUIS M. HACKER.

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Gallery of Mirrors

The Treaty of Versailles and After, by Lord Riddell and various other authors. New York: The Oxford University Press. 192 pages. $1.50.

WHILE this little book adds nothing to the sum total of human knowledge, it does give a reasonably illuminating popular summary of the origin, history and present status of the Treaty of Versailles. Although it is short, it is also repetitive, chiefly because it is a collection of speeches; and for the same reason the material is not integrated by any particular point of view, but rather brings to the fore the divergent sentiments of the principal nations of Europe. Lord Riddell's "The Scene and the Personalities" is not brilliant but it does add some fascinating details about the ceremonies attendant upon handing the treaty to the Germans: Count Brockdorff-Rantzau's face

> was covered with beads of perspiration. . . . Clemenceau inquired whether anyone wished to speak. Thereupon Brockdorff-Rantzau put up his hand like a schoolboy. . . . The Count's manner . . . seriously annoyed the Allied delegates. Clemenceau impatiently tapped the table with an ivory paper knife. President Wilson impatiently toyed with a pencil. Lloyd George pressed his paper knife on the table with such vigor that it broke.

But as Professor A. J. Toynbee points out, a major flaw in the proceedings was the failure to admit the Germans to the negotiations. (Professor Toynbee's addresses are far superior to the rest of the book.) As to the history of the Treaty, all the speakers emphasize that it began to be modified almost as soon as it was signed and therefore can and will be modified further. There is a false sweet reasonableness about the statements of the representatives of Germany (von Rheinbaden), France (Saurat), Italy (Davanzati) and England (Marquess of Reading) as to the current opinion of the Treaty in their respective countries. The facts of the international scene belie their protestations and the customarily optimistic Sir Norman Angell, who surveys the current drift and argues for the League, appears something of a pessimist by contrast.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

American Theocracy

The Story of American Dissent, by John M. Mecklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 381 pages. $3.50.

THIS HISTORY of the Protestant dissenters in America is a record of borrowed liberalism, cast off as soon as it is safe to "feel good rather than to think straight." Here is the learned New England theocracy, provincially self-righteous and pathologically cruel to its dissenters—groups growing out of a profound social unrest, as the theocracy itself had done a hundred years before. Here are free-thinking Baptists in the less hostile soil of Virginia, championed by Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, for the first time in history completing the separation of church and state. But it is only to become bigoted Fundamentalists along with the Methodists and Presbyterians—discrediting the intellect, building up a self-centered piety, retarding progress in science and the arts, so naïve about great social questions that their hand is feared in politics and social reform.

Philosopher, doctor of divinity and social student, Dr. Mecklin spares nothing of our traditional reverences in this record of a vivid, direct religious imagination become sterile, unable to accommodate varying types of belief within its organization. He looks toward "a spiritual tolerance that presupposes education, insight and a mature social wisdom —in many ways the supreme test of a civilized people." He finds support for this spiritual tolerance, but "in America it lies outside the churches . . . in a thoroughly secularized and enlightened public opinion." That the Protestant churches, with their wealth, numbers and responsibilities, should have stopped growing as soon as they acquired legal tolerance and that they should now have no great living traditions or real insight into modern life, he considers a deadly handicap to the nation.

Dr. Mecklin has recast from political and religious documents much of our all but forgotten history. In the darkness of modern dictatorships, it would profit indignant commentators to look first upon this statement of our own not wholly clean record.

CATHERINE ROYER.

Biology from Here to There

Biology for Everyman, by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. 1,561 pages. $5.

DR. THOMSON was for thirty-one years Regius Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University and, until his death last year, a prolific writer of technical and popular monographs. He meant this rather comprehensive survey of the science of life to be his *magnum opus*. He obviously took to heart the sentence that he quotes from Herbert Spencer: "Science is for life, not life for science."

The author defines biology as "the general science of the nature, continuance and evolution of life." In this wide compass, with a capable draughtsman to aid him, and with 1,500 pages of elbow room, he takes Everyman on an armchair inspection of this planet, stopping briefly at all the significant points from bacteria to sequoias, from amoeba to man, from sex to philosophy. And he does it all with a patience, charm and wisdom equaled by few of the many who in recent years have put their hands to the not simple task of humanizing knowledge. Only once does he seem to lapse from urbane good humor. He calls the mechanistic theory "this damnable heresy," and cites the nine-point refutation of the late Eugenio Rignano's, "Man Not a Machine." But perhaps he never saw Joseph Needham's not unscientific rebuttal of Rignano: "Man a Machine."

How should I begin to enumerate the particular virtues of this work in a short space? How avoid the blatant believe-it-or-not tone in referring to the strikingly unfamiliar phenomena recorded in this engrossing true story? How convince the general reader that for the price of two probably mediocre novels he can have a view of a world in which the novelist's tiny segment, for all its selection and arrangement, is only anthropocentrically of slightest importance? But the real problem is that of infecting the reader with some of the wonder and amazement, reborn of these pages, that a clod of jelly-like stuff so little different from an ape would want to write and read novels at all.

If no more, these volumes will prove valuable sources for reference in school and home. And, state laws permitting, they should prove excellent textbooks for the William Jennings Bryan Memorial University in Dayton, Tennessee.

BERL BEN MEYR.

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The Mask of Cervantes

A Man Called Cervantes, by Bruno Frank. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: The Viking Press. 301 pages. $2.50.

THERE is enough romance in the life of Cervantes to engross anyone. It is easy to see why Bruno Frank's fictionalized biography pleases the average reader who knows less than nothing about sixteenth-century Spain and her greatest writer. But "A Man Called Cervantes" is by no means a great book; it is not even exceptional enough to merit its present popularity.

To no good purpose, the author goes beyond the known facts. Besides, he refrains from exploring into the mind of the man whose whole life he is supposedly writing. The first eight chapters are the worst part of the book, for they are almost completely fictional and contribute nothing to our understanding of Cervantes. Five decisive years of his early manhood were spent in the emasculated Italy of the Counter-Reformation where the echoes of a glorious culture still reverberated. Utterly unaware of the repercussions this stay in Italy had in Cervantes' life, Frank misses the occasion to show how his protagonist was acquiring a critical sense. Later, as he begins to utilize the available documents, his book becomes less fantastic and banal. Perhaps the best passages are those depicting Cervantes the tax collector (*alcabalero*) in Andalusia. The chapter "Blood Test" deserves high praise, not because it is free of factual distortion, but because the author establishes an intimate connection between a phase of his own life and an aspect of Cervantes' thought. It describes the Spanish mania of the period to divide people into two classes, the "pure" Christians and the "new" Christians. Bruno Frank must have felt this chapter deeply: it sounds genuine. To prove his contention, he aptly chooses a slight farce of Cervantes, "El Retablo de las Maravillas," which aims bantering satire at the myth that the old Christians were superior to their new brothers. The Church had condemned racial differentiation. Herr Frank makes us see how ludicrously inconsistent this racial humbug was in the light of the State's acceptance of Catholicism as its sole policy. If his book were allowed to circulate in Germany, then "Blood Test" might show the Germans the absurdity of their Aryanism.

The rest of the book has little to redeem it. Had Cervantes been seen in terms of his cultural acquisitions and in relation to the social frame of sixteenth-century Spain, we should have been spared the outworn platitudes of a man rising like a hero above his environment and, without any training whatsoever, merely because he had suffered bitter and disagreeable experiences, writing one of the few outstanding works of genius. We now know a good deal of the Spanish theocracy. Américo Castro has proved exhaustively that Cervantes' mind was enriched by the keenest ideas of Western civilization. Yet Bruno Frank presents a mindless man against a shallow background that in no way accounts for the miracle of the author of "Don Quixote."

M. J. BENARDETE.

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Journey Into Darkness

Condemned to Live, by Johann Rabener. Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THE PURPOSE of this book, the author somewhere says, is to give the true description and vindication of Fedor Feuerhahn. Herr Rabener's estimate is sound but modest. "Tom Jones" is the true description and vindication—in so far as the word means explanation—of its hero's life. "Condemned to Live" is really much more than a personal justification. It is two books: a novel of the life and difficulties of an individual, and also a novel of a whole generation of the intellectual middle class of Germany, 1924. There is no more than a fortuitous connection between the two parts, and they must be considered separately.

The author's original plan is a rather full case history. The story opens with Fedor Feuerhahn, a young man of twenty, intelligent, educated and possessed of considerable musical talent. He is about to commit suicide. Why? The first answer is his mother, Beate. Incarnation of lust and totally without conscience, she has ruined her husband, sent her child to a vicious Prussian boarding school and, on his return to Berlin at seventeen, briefly taken him as one of a whole series of lovers. If this is not enough, Fedor's best friend kills himself on the discovery that the charming woman he was about to marry is a prostitute. There now seems no good reason why Fedor himself should not commit suicide. This first part of the book, a shorter, less objective and less powerful version of Zola's "Nana," has come to its logical conclusion.

Logic notwithstanding, "Condemned to Live" goes on. The substance of what follows is new and, where the characters are not different, the emphasis has shifted. Fedor, from a being only acted upon by others, becomes a person in his own right. He is no "little man," without will or mind and altogether the sport of circumstance. Inasmuch as he struggles to escape from Beate and make his own life in an impossible world, he is no longer a special case but a representative of a whole class.

What happens to the young artist in a world where even

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the ditchdiggers and bricklayers are without work? In Fedor's case, he takes a job as bank clerk with the father of a school friend. Not too remarkably, he is fired for mooning and writing short stories in the day book. He starves. A friend of his, an interior decorator, becomes successively a professional chess player, a presser in a dry-cleaning establishment and a bought journalist. He does not make much of a living, but manages to keep alive, without morals, joy or hope. Another friend is reduced to selling watches on commission. The three exist together, a vastly unromantic trio of musketeers. Here is a picture of people and their problems, of hunger, unemployment, the idiocy of high finance, of Jewish capitalists, Communists, mystics, liberals—and all this without for a moment suggesting the dry unreliability of propaganda. ISABEL LEWIS.

Books in Brief

The Noise of History, by John Lehmann. London: The Hogarth Press. 62 pages. 7s. 6d.

IN THE general enthusiasm over Spender, Auden and Day Lewis, it is likely that this small book of poems will be ignored. Admittedly, John Lehmann's verse strains for effect and contains what Day Lewis calls "adventitious" or "borrowed" energy. However true this may be, the fourteen prose poems in the present collection merit special consideration. "Waiting," a description of fascist revolution in a modern city (in this case what might well happen in London) is memorable writing. The phrasing is clear, precise, unhampered by the burden of so-called "poetic" vocabulary. The fourteen prose poems are poems of prophecy and warning and serve to illustrate the sensitive, neurotic reaction against fascism now evident in the work of the young English poets. Like Auden, Lehmann fears "the spy" and one is reminded again of the proximity of Nazi Germany to island England. In England the threat of fascism is revealed in the concrete terms that Lehmann employs in his prose poems; there, if one is a European as well as an island Englishman, one feels the imaginative as well as "realistic" truth of Lehmann's assertion: "Violence is almost visible, like a smoldering fuse under the city, as it creeps toward explosion."

H. G.

Alchemy: Child of Greek Philosophy, by Arthur John Hopkins. New York: Columbia University Press. 272 pages. $3.50.

Anyone who thinks of alchemy as a curious bastard science arising in the Middle Ages will be enlightened and fascinated by this synthetic story of its development from the laboratories of ancient Egypt. Preceded by the art of the dyeing of fabrics, it passed into the art of metal coloring in imitation of gold. To this artistic and commercial venture was joined the Platonic and Aristotelian theory of nature, Greek philosophy thus finding its first successful application, and the alchemist seeing himself as assisting nature in her upward course toward the realization of the "entelechy" of living metals: gold. The ultimate metal possessed the power of reproduction and became the philosophers' stone, "because the alchemists considered themselves the successors and expositors of Plato and Aristotle." Against this complex background Hopkins traces the literature and technique of transmutation through its Mohammedan revival into the pseudo-alchemy of the fourteenth and later centuries. J. V. M.

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American Plays, Selected and Edited with Critical Introductions and Bibliographies, by Allan Gates Halline. New York: American Book Company. 787 pages. $3.50.

The aim of this volume of plays is to indicate, more or less, the development of American drama and to connect the thought of the plays with that of the philosophical currents in each play's epoch. Commentary on the purely dramatic aspects of the plays has been subordinated, though practically all of them were theatrical successes in their day. Among the plays included are: "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler; "The Bucktails, or Americans in England," by James Kirke Paulding; "The Gladiator," by Robert Montgomery Bird; "Bianca Visconti," by Nathaniel Parker Willis; "Fashion," by Anna Cora Mowatt; "Francesca da Rimini," by George Henry Boker; "The Danites in the Sierras," by Joaquin Miller; "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell; "Icebound," by Owen Davis; "The Great God Brown," by Eugene O'Neill, and seven others. Each play has an introduction of definite value. The volume concludes with an excellent list of bibliographies and chronological tables.

S. Y.

Contributors

WALLACE STEVENS lives in Hartford, Connecticut, where he successfully combines the practice of law with the writing of poetry. He has published a book of verse, "Harmonium."

CONSTANCE ROURKE, whose books include "American Humor: A Study of the American Character," and a biography, "Davy Crockett," is vice-president of the National Folk Festival.

JOSEPHINE MILES was born in Chicago, has lived in Los Angeles and at present is doing graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley.

LOUIS M. HACKER is a graduate of Columbia University and this summer will lecture in the Economics Department of his alma mater. His books include "A Short History of the New Deal," published last year, and "The Farmer Is Doomed," issued earlier in the same year as one of the John Day pamphlets.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is a journalist and historian who has written, among other books, "Why We Fought," a study of the origins of the World War.

CATHERINE ROYER is a member of the editorial staff of The Stage. She received an M.A. degree from the University of Washington and has made extensive studies in the social backgrounds of American thought.

BERL BEN MEYR is a research scientist in bacteriology and the author of "Your Germs and Mine," a layman's handbook of the subject.

M. J. BENARDETE, together with Angel Flores, edited an anthology of essays entitled "The Anatomy of Don Quixote," published by the Dragon Press.

ISABEL LEWIS graduated from Barnard College in 1933.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Horace Gregory, Jesse V. Mauzey and Stark Young.

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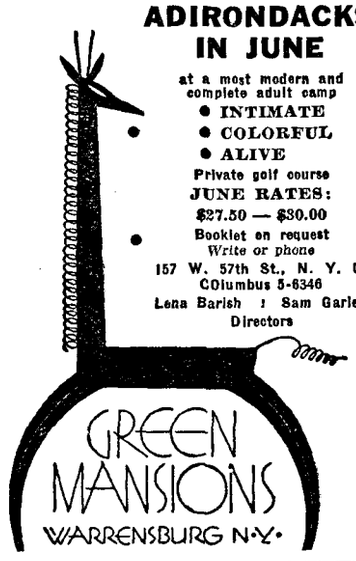

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